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RESERVO

1923





THE ROSEBUD 1923

THIS BEING THE
TWELFTH ANNUAL
PUBLISHED BY THE
WATERLOO
HIGH SCHOOL
WATERLOO - INDIANA



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DEDICATION
TO
GEORGE R. MATSON
OUR PRINCIPAL

THIS ANNUAL OF THE CLASS OF
NINETEEN HUNDRED AND
TWENTY-THREE
IS RESPECTFULLY DEDICATED



FOREWORD

THIS volume of the *Rosebud* represents the best efforts of the Class of Nineteen Hundred and Twenty-three in recording the events and happenings of this eventful school year. Early in the session the Senior class laid the initial plans for this publication. The Senior class has endeavored to make this annual well worth reading and to present it to you in as interesting a way as possible.

We wish to express our indebtedness to our fellow students for their literary contributions, to the business men whose ads appear for their financial support given us, to Mr. G. R. Matson and to Mr. E. A. Hartman for their valuable aid. To all these, the Senior class wishes to express the warmest appreciation.

THE EDITOR.



2101811

THE ROSEBUD STAFF

Justin Girardot	- - - -	Editor-in-Chief
Marguerite Hamman	- - - -	Assistant Editor
Irene Fee	- - - -	Business Manager
Alfred Kelley	- - - -	Advertising Solicitor
Russel Walker	- - - -	Circulation Manager
Edna Forrest	- - - - - -	Calendar
Rosanna Castret	- - - - - -	Snapshots
Paul Hartman	- - - - - -	Art Editor
Mildred Snyder	- - - - - -	Jokes
Aileen Fee	- - - - - -	Boys' Basket Ball
Carl Till	- - - - - -	Girls' Basket Ball
Cyrille Duncan	- - - - - -	Ciceronian Society
Irene Duesler	- - - - - -	Zedaethean Society
Albert Weicht	- - - - - -	Historian
Wilma Wilttrout	- - - - - -	Alumni
Kenneth Henney	- - - - - -	Poet
Harold Hamman	- - - - - -	Music Editor
Howard Hamman	- - - - - -	Stories





FACULTY





E. A. HARTMAN, A. B.
SUPERINTENDENT
Northwestern University
Advanced Work Columbia University
ENGLISH





GEORGE R. MATSON, A. B.
PRINCIPAL

Indiana University
Advanced Work Columbia University
MATHEMATICS and SCIENCE





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Graduate Purdue University
VOCATIONAL AGRICULTURE

LULA M. WIGGERLY
Indiana State Normal,
Eastern Division
Muncie, Indiana
MUSIC and ART



SPARKLE V. MOORE
Purdue University
W. Lafayette, Indiana
HOME ECONOMICS and SCIENCE



MAE KERN, A. B.
Indiana State Normal School
Terre Haute, Indiana
LATIN and HISTORY





ALVA BUSS
SEVENTH and EIGHTH
GRADES



BERTHA ETTINGER
FIFTH and SIXTH
GRADES



FAYE SANDERS
THIRD and FOURTH
GRADES





CORA STANLEY
SECOND GRADE



ERMA HOLLOPETER
FIRST GRADE





Roy W. Stephenson
Secretary of Board of Education
Died December 20, 1922



BOARD OF EDUCATION



FRANK L. MYERS
PRESIDENT

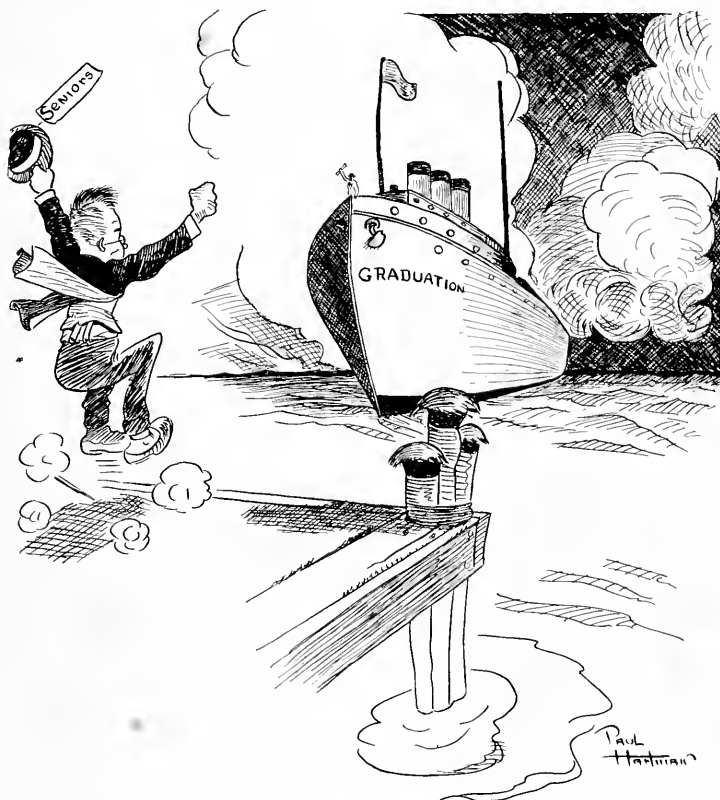


H. J. SPACKEY
SECRETARY



SOLOMON FISHER
TREASURER





SENIOR CLASS ORGANIZATION

President	Paul Hartman
Vice-President	Marguerite Hamman
Secretary	Irene Fee
Treasurer	Russel Walker
Historian	Albert Weicht
Poet	Kenneth Henney

MOTTO—"Vincit qui patitur." — "He conquers who endures."

CLASS FLOWER—Pink Carnation.

CLASS COLORS—Old Rose and Gold.

CLASS YELL

Zisly, zisly, zip!
 He! Ke! He! Ke! Flippity Flip!
 Zip, zam! Zip, zam! Zip, zam! Bah!
 Seniors! Seniors! Rah! Rah! Rah!

SENIOR CLASS POEM

Our happy school days are over,
 And as we idly sit and ponder;
 Back to old Waterloo High
 Our thoughts will slowly wander.

Some days seemed long and tedious;
 Some days were free from care;
 And sometimes we didn't accomplish
 The little tasks here and there.

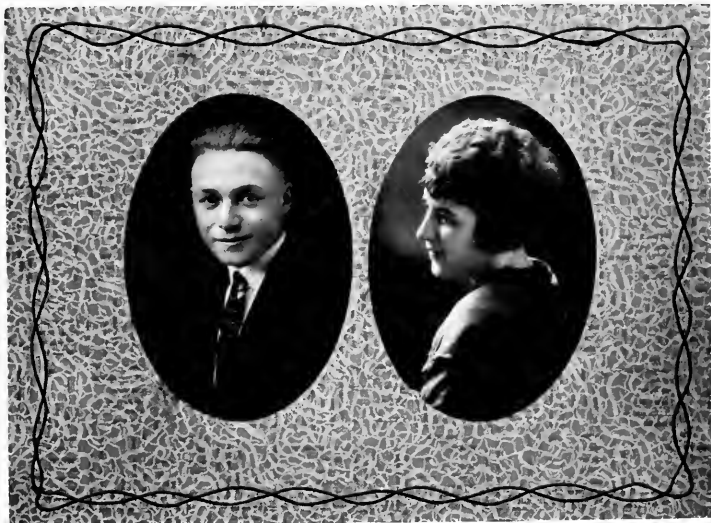
But its not just lessons learned in books,
 That will carry us through the strife;
 But a broad vision and how to meet
 The problems of daily life.

So now dear old Alma Mater,
 We feel we owe you a debt,
 For the lessons learned within your halls
 Which we can never forget.

Thus no matter where we go,
 No matter where we may be,
 You'll find we'll always glow
 For the Class of '23.

—K. H. '23.





JUSTIN GIRARDOT (Joe)

"My true love hath my heart and I
have her's."

May 29, 1904.
Waterloo, Indiana.
W. H. S. '20-'23.
Basket Ball '20-'23.
Captain B. B. Team '23.
Ciceronian.
Secretary C. L. S. '22.
Secretary of Class '21.
Editor of Rosebud '23.

IRENE FEE (Rene)

"There is scarcely anything in the
world but that to love one another."

November 24, 1905.
Waterloo, Indiana.
W. H. S. '20-'23.
Basket Ball '20-'23.
Captain B. B. Team '22.
Ciceronian.
Secretary C. L. S. '21.
Secretary of Class '23.
Class President '21.
C. L. S. President '23.
Business Mgr. Rosebud '23.
Valedictorian.





PAUL HARTMAN (P. K.)

"Be yourself and be that with all your might."

August 23, 1904.
Kendallville, Ind.
W. H. S. '20-'23.
Vice-President Class '21.
Vice-President Class '22.
Vice-President C. L. S. '21.
Class President '23.
Secretary C. L. S. '23.
Ciceronian.
Art Editor Rosebud '23.

AILEEN FEE (Tim)

"Love and you shall be loved."

November 24 1905.
Waterloo, Indiana.
W. H. S. '20-'23.
Historian '21.
Basket Ball '20-'21.
Captain B. B. Team '23.
Secretary Z. L. S. '21.
Sec. and Treas. Class '22.
President Z. L. S. '23.
Zedalethean.
Boys' Athletics Rosebud.

RUSSEL WALKER (Russ)

"I live to be wiser every day."

August 18, 1904.
Waterloo, Indiana.
W. H. S. '20-'23.
Zedalethean.
President Z. L. S. '23.
Sergeant Z. L. S. '20.
Circulation Mgr. Rosebud.

MILDRED SNYDER (Shorty)

"Who chooseth me shall get as much as he deserves."

November 5, 1905.
Waterloo, Indiana.
W. H. S. '20-'23.
Ciceronian.
Class Poet '20.
Joke Editor Rosebud.





IRENE DUESLER (Iene)

"Such are the distributions of God."

October 3, 1904.
Waterloo, Indiana.
W. H. S. '20-'23.
Historian '22.
Zedaethean.
Zedaethean Society Rosebud.

HAROLD HAMMAN (Moses)

"He that bottles up his own temper is a corker."

August 11, 1904.
Auburn, Indiana.
W. H. S. '20-'23.
Ciceronian.
Music Editor Rosebud.

MARGUERITE HAMMAN (Margie)

"An object of delight, of pure imagination and of love."

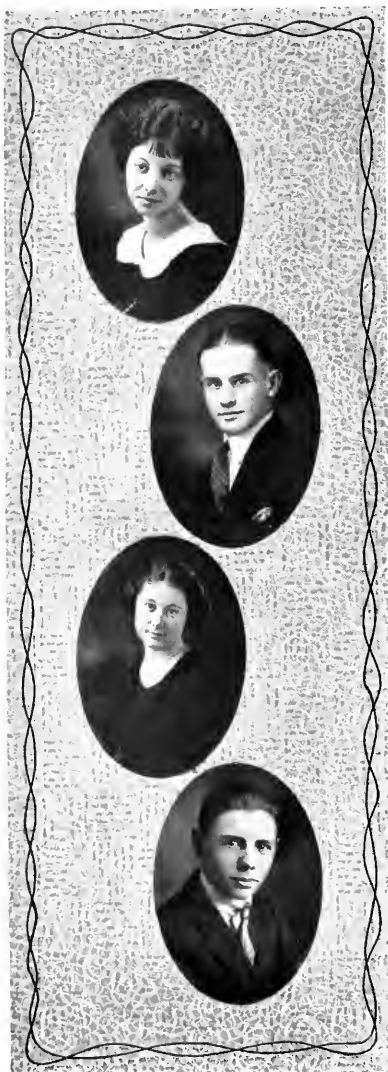
February 27, 1906.
Waterloo, Indiana.
W. H. S. '20-'23.
Vice-President Class '23.
Zedaethean.
Assistant Editor Rosebud.
Salutatorian.

KENNETH HENNEY (Hen)

"A dreamer of dreams."

December 15, 1904.
Corunna, Indiana.
Wh. H. S. '20-'23.
Basket Ball '22-'23.
Zedaethean.
Sergeant Z. L. S. '20.
Class Poet '23.
Poet Rosebud.





CYRILLE DUNCAN (Dunk)

"We must be our own before we can be another's."

June 7, 1906.
Waterloo, Indiana.
W. H. S. '20-'23.
Class President '22.
Secretary C. L. S. '23.
Basket Ball '23.
Ciceronian.
Ciceronian Editor Rosebud.

ALFRED KELLEY (Kelley)

"Shall I, wasting in despair, die because a woman's fair."

December 17, 1904.
Waterloo, Indiana.
W. H. S. '20-'23.
Basket Ball '21, '23.
Sergeant C. L. S. '22.
Ciceronian.
Advertising Mgr. Rosebud.

WILMA WILTROUT (Billy)

"The only way to have a friend is to be one."

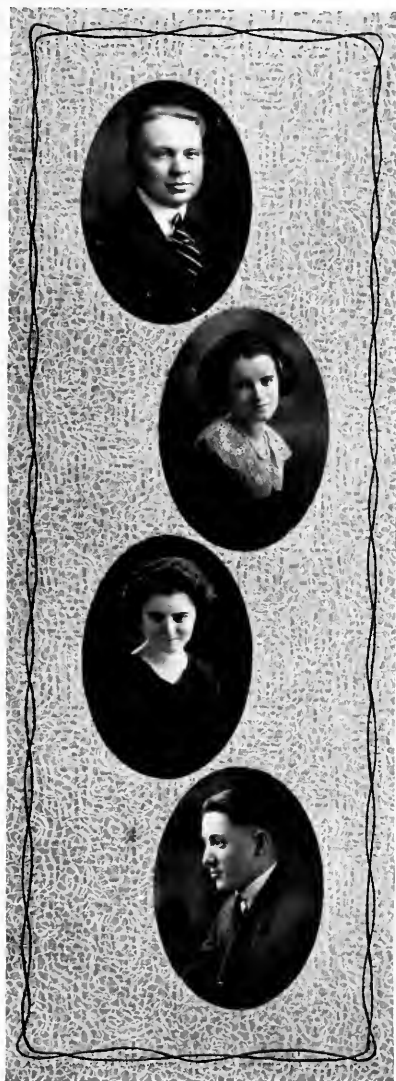
May 13, 1905.
Corunna, Indiana.
W. H. S. '23.
Ciceronian.
Basket Ball '23.
Alumni Editor Rosebud.

CARL TILL (Pigeon)

"I care not, Fortune, what you do deny."

July 14, 1905.
Waterloo, Indiana.
W. H. S. '20-'23.
Basket Ball '22, '23.
Zedalethean.
Sec. and Treas. Class '20.
Girls' Basket Ball Rosebud.





ALBERT WEICHT (Bill)

"All that I have learned I have forgotten; all that I know I guessed at."

September 22, 1905.
Auburn, Indiana.
W. H. S. '20-'23.
Ciceronian.
Vice-President C. L. S. '23.
Sergeant C. L. S. '20.
Historian Rosebud.

EDNA FORREST (Ted)

"The other element of friendship is tenderness."

May 28, 1905.
Waterloo, Indiana.
W. H. S. '20-'23.
Zedaethean.
Vice-Pres. Z. L. S. '22,'23.
Calendar Rosebud.

ROSEANNA CASTRET (Zan)

"I like not only to be loved, but also to be told that I am loved."

February 24, 1905.
Waterloo, Indiana.
W. H. S. '20-'23.
Zedaethean.
Snap Shots Rosebud.

HOWARD HAMMAN (Ham)

"Set me drifting on the sleepy waves."

October 16, 1904.
W. H. S. '22, '23.
Ciceronian.
Stories Rosebud.



THE CLASS OF OLD ROSE AND GOLD

In the year of our Lord, Nineteen Hundred Nineteen, twenty-seven bright little lads and lassies entered the Waterloo High, to climb four rounds higher on the ladder of knowledge. Though many of us have fallen, we received only minor injuries and we were able to rise and climb to the old level. One of our members changed schools, which left us twenty-six at the end of the year. Richard Dannells was president; Irene Fee, vice-president, and Carl Till, secretary and treasurer.

We entered our Sophomore year with a smaller enrollment, but with a greater knowledge of what our future would be. Only twenty members came back, but two of these left us shortly after our Christmas vacation. Irene Fee was elected president; Paul Hartman, vice-president, and Justin Girardot, secretary and treasurer. We spent our last day at Lake James with the other three classes.

We entered our Junior year with only seventeen members. We worked hard and at the end of the year we had made a good record. Cyrille Duncan was president; Paul Hartman, vice-president, and Aileen Fee, secretary and treasurer. Our class did not lose any of its members throughout the year.

We have now entered the last year. One has gone to another school. We have gained two new members, who are helping to make our class one of a high standard. Paul Hartman is president; Marguerite Hamman, vice-president; Irene Fee, secretary, and Russel Walker, treasurer.

We as a class have tried to set an example for the rest of the school, but we hope that the future seniors have better success in making the Waterloo High 100% efficient.

—ALBERT WEICHT, Class Historian.



SENIOR CLASS WILL

We, the Class of 1923, being sound in mind and having finished our high school course, do hereby bequeath in the manner following some of the things fate has allowed us to procure:

- ITEM: We leave our jolly spirit to the Junior class.
ITEM: We leave our good looks to the Sophomore class.
ITEM: To Sheldon Hines we give Kenneth Henney's pep.
ITEM: We give Justin Girardot's basket ball record to Alfred Bixler.
ITEM: We give Helen Beck, Aileen Fee's place on the Girls' basket ball team.
ITEM: We give to Iva Mergy, Irene Duesler's silence.
ITEM: We bequeath to Virginia Newcomer, Edna Forrest's place as champion heart breaker.
ITEM: We give Mildred Snyder's popularity to Bessie Matson.
ITEM: We give to our dear teachers, all the "goose eggs" we have received during the past four years.
ITEM: We give Marguerite Hamman's good grades to Oliver Opdycke.
ITEM: To Irene Griffin we give Paul Hartman's place as champion gum chewer. We feel that Irene well deserves this honor.
ITEM: We give Russell Walker's red and blue ink to Freddie Boyer, hoping that he will enjoy mixing them.
ITEM: We leave to Faye Runn, Albert Weicht's name of "heavy weight."
ITEM: To all we give this advice, "Beware of copyrights."
ITEM: We give Cyrille Duncan's slimness to Mary Bonfiglio.
ITEM: To all who need encouragement we give this motto, "He conquers who endures."
ITEM: We give Irene Fee's chance of being an old maid to Ruth Thomas.
We cancel all wills previously made by us. We appoint Mr. E. A. Hartman sole executor of this will.

IN WITNESS WHEREOF the Senior Class of '23, testors, have to this will set our seal this twenty-fifth day of May, A. D. 1923.

FAREWELL.





ON THE
LAST LAP





CLASS ROLL

Keith DeLong
Gertrude Newcomer
Irene Griffin
Harriet Dixon
Oliver Opdycke
Curtis Hawk
Raymond Bonecutter
Ruth Wing
Henry DeLong

Bessie Sponsler
Ola Sponsler
Iva Mergy
Kenneth Ridge
Helen Miller
Grace Knott
Mary Bonfiglio
Rose Smith



JUNIOR CLASS ORGANIZATION

President	Keith Delong
Vice-President	Bessie Sponsler
Secretary and Treasurer	Iva Mergy
Poet	Henry Delong
Historian	Mary Bonfiglio

MOTTO—"Onward is our aim."

CLASS COLORS—Cream and Brown.

CLASS FLOWER—Lilly of the Valley.

CLASS YELL

Zippity, zippity, zippity, za!
 Flippity, flippity, flippity, fla!
 Are we in, it well I guess:
 We're the Juniors of the W. H. S.

CLASS POEM

The morning sun the clouds did hide,
 As up the rugged mountain side
 A joyful group came into sight,
 Toiling with banner, Oh, so bright.

With books in hand, and pencil, too,
 They swiftly climbed, these valient few.
 When they reached the steepest ascent,
 They joined others on knowledge bent.

Beware of Caesar's trying tests,
 History grades that fail the best,
 "Climb to victory," they would say,
 Glory to the "Cream and Brown."

"Oh, stay," the climbers cry, "and rest."
 A party now will add it's jest,
 A game of valor brings us fame,
 And adds more glory to our name.

'Tis one year till we reach the goal,
 Ecstatic rapture fills each soul
 Bright as the sun's last setting ray
 The "Lily of the Valley" wins the day.

— HENRY E. DELONG, '24.



JUNIOR CLASS HISTORY

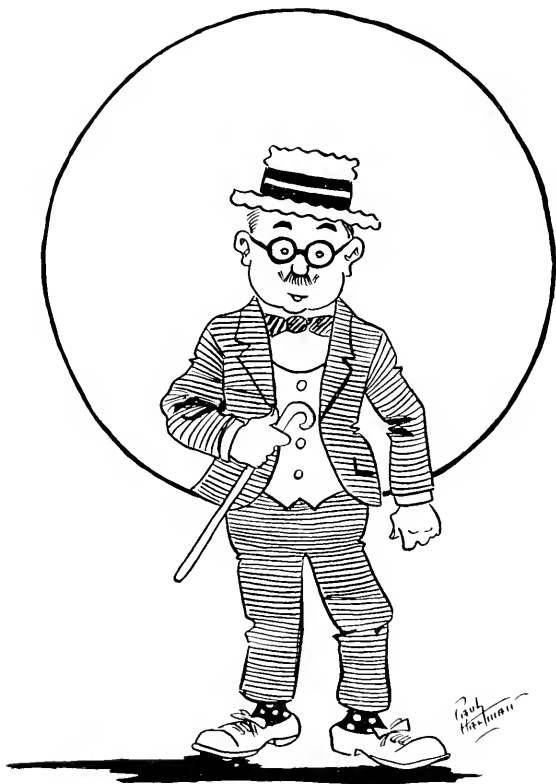
The Junior Class of the Waterloo High school started as Freshmen in the year 1920 with twenty members. We ended our first year without losing a member.

When we started in our Sophomore year we found that three of our members had found it necessary to seek employment. But we were very glad to find a new member, and thus the year ended with an enrollment of eighteen.

After spending a pleasant vacation we have found ourselves jolly Juniors. A few of our members left us, but we were joined by new ones. We are represented in school activities, such as basket ball and society programs. The year ends, and we find ourselves ready to return the following term and be Seniors.

—MARY BONFIGLIO, '24.





SOPHOMORES





SOPHOMORE CLASS ORGANIZATION

President	Rhea Dunkle
Vice-President	Grant Kelley
Secretary	Betty Warner
Treasurer	Virginia Newcomer

CLASS ROLL

Rhea Dunkle	Betty Warner
Harriet Bowman	Paul Brenneman
Harry Dunn	Violet Eberly
Loy Ayers	Grant Kelley
Bertha Shiek	Eleanor Meyer
Don McIntosh	Charles Smalley
Virginia Newcomer	Henry
John Showalter	Ida Fulk
Edwin Sherwood	

MOTTO—"Live and Learn."

CLASS COLORS—Maroon and White.

CLASS FLOWER—Lily of the Valley.

CLASS YELL

Zip zam! Zip zam! Zip zam! Za;
Hi ka! Hi ka! Hi ka! Yah!
The brightest class that is alive
Is the Class of '25.



CLASS POEM

First began like all good classes,
Starting at the lowest grade;
Starting out we lads and lassies,
Seeking knowledge each boy and maid.

We were many in number
That beginning day of all,
But some spent their time in slumber,
By the wayside some did fall.

In the second year of working
For the goal set up so high,
Found us striving, never shirking,
Cheerful always, not a sigh.

With a never tiring ardor
Our good class was never still;
Always studying, working harder,
Our good spirit none can kill.

—HARRIET BOWMAN, '25.

SOPHOMORE CLASS HISTORY

In the year of '21 twenty-four bright looking Freshmen parked their "express wagons" in the basement and found their way to the assembly. Later two of our members left us, leaving the school year close with the enrollment of twenty-two members.

In the year of '22 we came back to school with nineteen members as "Silly Sophomores," and we have certainly lived up to it.

Having interest in both Boys' and Girls' Basket Ball teams we are living up to our motto, "Live and Learn."

—VIOLET EBERLY, '25.





FRESHMEN





FRESHMAN CLASS ORGANIZATION

President	Alfred Bixler
Vice-President	Mabelle Pontius
Secretary and Treasurer	Helen Fisher
Poet	Fisher Quaintance
Historian	Richard O'Brien

CLASS ROLL

Alfred Bixler	Thelma Bowman
Faye Dunn	Doris McIntosh
Victor Reinig	Raymond Baumgartner
Lucile Summerlott	Almond Frick
Emily Weyant	Richard O'Brien
Earnest Seveleyn	Fisher Quaintance
Mabelle Pontius	Harold Girardot
Florence Gloy	Reginald Goodwin
Georgia Wines	Sheldon Hine
Marguerite Gill	Ethel Miller
Helen Schlosser	Helen Fisher
Marion Delong	Kathryn Fee
Mary Clark	Elizabeth Denison
Lula Albright	Bessie Matson
Ruth Thomas	William Warner
Helen Beck	Chester Shultz
Geraldine Norton	Wilson Switzer
Carl Hammon	Mildred Kalb
Moddis Strater	

MOTTO—"No victory without labor."

FLOWER—American Beauty Rose.

COLORS—Brown and Gold.

CLASS YELL

Rah! Rah! Rah!
 Sis! Boom! Bah!
 Who in the world do you think we are?
 Are we in it? Well, I guess!
 Waterloo Freshmen
 Yes! Yes! Yes!



2101811

FRESHMAN CLASS POEM

Now Seniors, look here at the little old class,
The little old class of true blue.
The little old class,
That you somehow can't pass
In work and in study, too.

This class is the class, that will not be outclassed
In grades or deportment, you know.
Gaze at us you must,
But keep out of our dust;
Our grades cannot get very low.

We all love this class, this little green class,
The class that the Freshmen attend.
Our color is green,
So we're easily seen,
To the top of our grades to ascend.

—FISHER E. QUAINANCE.

FRESHMAN CLASS HISTORY

The Class of '26 entered the W. H. S. as Freshmen with an enrollment of thirty-six. Twenty were graduates from the Waterloo schools, while the remaining sixteen came from "down on the farm."

We are a jolly bunch of green Freshmen, but we look forward to the day when we shall become the wise Seniors of the W. H. S.

—RICHARD E. O'BRIEN, Class Historian.



HIGH SCHOOL CURRICULUM

FIRST YEAR:

English
Latin
Botany
Farm Crops
Poultry
Algèbra
Home Economics
General Science
Manual Training

SECOND YEAR:

English
History
Geometry
Farm Crops
Botany
Manual Training
Latin

THIRD YEAR:

English Literature
Latin
History
Commercial Arithmetic
Bookkeeping
Physical Geography

FOURTH YEAR:

American Literature
American History
Civics
Botany
Physics
Physiology
Business Arithmetic
Bookkeeping





OUR DREAM



MUSIC

The Waterloo High School has reached a high standard in the musical line this year. The students were able to offer good entertainment, both in vocal and instrumental music. Our music instructor, Miss Wiggerly, has put forth great efforts in instructing us in our chorus work, so that Waterloo will be well represented in the musical programs in the future.

We have one period each week set aside for chorus work. At this time we are given musical tests and also given biographies of great musicians and composers, besides our vocal training.

On March the 16th, there was a contest between the three schools, Ashley, Corunna and Waterloo. This contest was given by the students of each of these schools, for the purpose of selecting the best talent, which would well represent that part of the county in the county contest. At the semi-county contest Waterloo won the vocal solo and double mixed quartette. This made a good showing in music for Waterloo and it also showed that we had good talent to represent us.

The Operetta which was given this year by the High School, represented the best talent in the school. The music was the very best, having been carefully selected, and each part was well carried out. The standard set in previous years has even been excelled.

The Children's Operetta, "Mid Summer's Night," given by ninety pupils in the grades, was the first Operetta given by the grades. It proved to be a big success.

—HAROLD C. HAMMAN, '23.



ART

Under the instructions of Miss Wiggerly some very good work in art was accomplished this year. There were many different kinds of work given to the different classes.

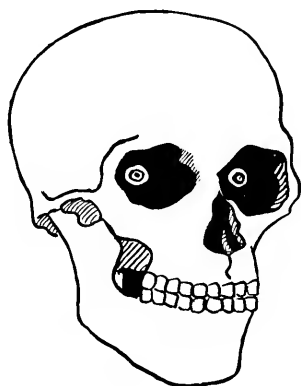
The Freshmen and Sophomores took water colors. The Sophomores also took pastel. The pastel work was very beautiful.

The Sophomores, Juniors and Seniors took decorative designing and reed work. The designing was taken the first semester. The reed work was started toward the end of the year. Although reed work was not taken very long, many different articles were made.

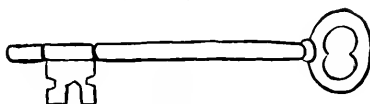
An art exhibit was given during the last of the school year. These beautiful pictures and reed work made a very good showing for the school during the year of 1922-23.



SOCIETIES



*Paul
Hartman*





The ZEDALETHEAN LITERARY SOCIETY

The Zedaletheans have given this year some of the best programs that have ever been given. They entertained the Ciceronians to a Hallowe'en party. The Ciceronians had to confess that the Zedaletheans were the best. The officers for the first semester were: Aileen Fee, President; Edna Forrest, Vice-President; Harriet Bowman, Secretary and Treasurer; Reginald Goodwin, Sergeant-At-Arms. The officers for the second semester were: Russell Walker, President; Edna Forrest, Vice-President;; John Showalter, Secretary and Treasurer; Carl Till, Sergeant-At-Arms.

—IRENE DUESLER, '23.

INAUGURAL ADDRESS

Zedaletheans, Faculty and Friends:

I wish to thank the members of this society for this office. I will try not only to keep the society up to its old standard but will try and push it on higher. But we can do this only with the hearty co-operation of every member.

Former Zedaletheans have set for us a standard so high that it requires much work and co-operation on your part to keep up to this standard.

With your assistance, I feel safe in saying that this will be the most successful semester we have ever had. I thank you.

—AILEEN FEE, '23.

INAUGURAL ADDRESS

Fellow Zedaletheans, Schoolmates and Friends:

As I enter upon my duties as President of this society, I wish to thank the society for the honor it has bestowed upon me. Altho I feel there are others more capable of holding it than I, I will fulfill it to the best of my ability.

In order that we may hold the society up to the standard, or if possible raise it to a higher standard we must co-operate. When you are assigned a part on the program, do not put it off, but give it some thought and prepare it as soon as you can. The person who does not prepare his part until the last day cannot expect to succeed with his part as well as the one who prepares his earlier. We must be broad minded enough to see the great benefit we will receive from it in the future.

Programs are not given for the sake of entertainment, but to instruct as well. So let us as a body put our shoulder to the wheel and make the society the best ever. I thank you.

—RUSSELL WALKER, '23.





CICERONIAN LITERARY SOCIETY

The Ciceronian Society started off with a "boom" this year. The race between the two societies was a close one, but the "Cicies" (as we are called) came out ahead.

The officers of the first semester were: President, Irene Fee; Secretary, Cyrille Duncan. And of the second semester: President, Wilma Wilttrout; Secretary, Paul Hartman.

The Ciceronians were entertained to a Hallowe'en party by the "Zeda's," and later returned it. Good times were enjoyed at both parties.

The first program of the second semester was given at the town hall, and the most important number on the program was a three-act play entitled "Peggy of Primrose Farm."

Every member of the society has co-operated and helped to make '22-'23 a very successful year.

—CYRILLE DUNCAN, '23.

INAUGURAL ADDRESS

Fellow Ciceronians, Faculty and Friends:

I wish to thank the members of the Ciceronian Literary Society for this office. As every one knows, co-operation is needed in order to accomplish anything; therefore if we expect to keep up the high standard of this society we must put forth every effort in doing the parts that are assigned to us.

The society is what the members make it. So if each member will do his best, we will not only keep up the standard of this society, but raise it higher than it has ever been before.

I thank you.

IRENE FEE, President.

HATTIE DIXON, Vice-President.

CYRILLE DUNCAN, Secretary and Treasurer.

VIRGINIA NEWCOMER, Sergeant-At-Arms.

INAUGURAL ADDRESS

Members of the Ciceronian Society, Faculty and Friends:

I wish to thank the members of the Ciceronian Society for the honor which you have bestowed upon me, and I assure you that I will fulfill the duties of this office to the best of my ability. Co-operation, as you all realize is the fundamental factor for the successful maintainance of any society. Your hearty co-operation is needed to enable the society to maintain its usual high standard.

Honor and fame from no conditions rise; act well your part, for there all honor lies.

Thank you.

WILMA WILTROUT, President.

ALBERT WEICHT, Vice-President.

PAUL HARTMAN, Secretary and Treasurer.

HARRY DUNN, Sergeant-At-Arms.



BASKET BALL



BOYS' BASKET BALL

FORWARDS—Justin Girardot, Captain, John Showalter.

CENTER—Alfred Kelley.

GUARDS—Harry Dunn, Grant Kelley.

SUBSTITUTES—Loy Ayers, Carl Till, Kenneth Henney.

COACH—L. R. Willey.

The boys started out with high hopes of having a successful season, but their hopes were shattered after the first few games. Nevertheless, they fought hard and took defeat like sports. They were given new suits for the tournament, but these did not prove to bring us luck. But in spite of defeats we want to congratulate the boys for their noble efforts. The first game, October 14th, was played at Corunna, where we easily defeated Corunna. The score being 9 and 29.

The second game was at Ligonier. Here we suffered our first defeat, but we put up an excellent fight and had Ligonier guessing until the last. The first half ended 9 and 9 and the last half 18 to 20 in their favor. Dunn starred in this game.

The third game was played on our own floor with Ashley. This was one of the best games of the season. The game ended 19 to 19, having played ten minutes over time. The teams were well matched. The game was all the more exciting because of the rivalry of the two schools.

The line up was as follows:

Girardot	—Forwards—	Phinstag
Till	—Forwards—	Elliot
A. Kelley	—Center—	Funk
Dunn	—Guards—	Clark
G. Kelley	—Guards—	Wilson

The next game was also on our floor, but this time, with Auburn as our "honorable opponents," Waterloo played remarkably well the first half, but in the second half they slackened their speed.

The following Friday we played Angola on our floor. We again suffered defeat in this game, but it was partly due to poor refereeing.

The next Friday we journeyed to Auburn. The boys seemed to be nervous and had very poor luck at making baskets, including free throws. We were beaten to the tune of 21 to 7, but the boys all took it like "men."

The next week we played Hamilton on our own floor and were badly beaten; this time 26 to 11. Most of the subs played in this game and did remarkably well.

The next Friday Corunna came down, and we easily defeated them to the tune of 27 to 7. So far the only teams they had been able to beat was Corunna.

The next game Waterloo also won. This time Butler was made to



bow to us. They were beaten 17 to 7. The next Friday we journeyed to Angola in the Buss. We were completely lost on their floor. The floor being so large was a disadvantage to our boys in making baskets. The game ended 5 to 35. Angola has been district champ for three years and we could hardly expect to beat them.

The Wednesday before Christmas, Garrett came over. Garrett having a much stronger team this year, they beat us, but we put up a good fight. The score bein 14 to 23. Girardot was quarantined at this time and his absence from the team was deeply felt.

Butler played their return game on our floor, since they have no place to play. We again defeated them 27 to 16. It seems as if the boys took on new life with the new year, and then of course, Girardot was back again and he helped a lot, too, giving the others more confidence to have their captain back.

The next game was played on Garrett's floor. Mr. Willey was enjoying a short vacation with his parents and our boys were unable to practice. Mr. Matson acted as coach. We were defeated again, 17 to 33.

Our next game was with Ashley on their floor. This game was close and exciting all the way through. The game ended 21 to 26 in Ashley's favor.

The last game on our own floor was played with Ligonier. This was another big game of the season. We played hard and kept Ligonier guessing all the while. Kelley starred in this game. If Grant had been able to play we feel quite sure we would have won. The game ended 22 to 24 in favor of Ligonier.

The last game of the season was played at Hamilton. It seemed impossible for our boys to get started. We were beaten 43 to 12.

There were two tournaments this year. January 11th and 12th the county tournament was held at Auburn. The first game was played between Waterloo and Ashley. Girardot was quarantined at this time, and the boys were nervous. At the end of the first half Waterloo was leading. In the second half Ashley went around and the final count was 18 to 21.

The second tournament or district tournament was held at Angola March second and third. Waterloo played Fremont and was defeated 10 to 5.

This has not been a very successful year for the boys, but we are proud of the spirit they kept throughout the basketball season.

—AILEEN FEE, '23.





GIRLS' BASKET BALL

The season started in October. Mr. Willey was chosen coach. After many hard practices the regular team was selected: Forwards, Betty and Aileen; centers, Irene and Iva; guards, Irene and Mary, and with many good subs. They started the season with a rush by winning their first game. They won most of the games and this was a very successful year at Basket Ball.

Betty Warner plays at right forward. She is very fast, plays the game hard and helps to pile up the score. She is a Sophomore and will play next year.

Aileen Fee, (Captain), left forward, has an eye for shooting baskets and drops them in whenever they are needed. She will be missed, as she is a Senior.

Irene Griffin plays at jumping center. She most generally gets the tip off and plays a very good game. She will be with us again next year, as she is a Junior.

Wilma Wilttrout is side center. She is somewhat small, but makes up for that by playing a fast game. She comes from Corunna. We shall lose her also, as she is a Senior.

Mary Bonfiglio plays at left guard. She makes her forward work very hard to get a shot at the basket. She is a Junior and will play again next year.

Irene Fee is right guard. She plays a very good game and breaks up every pass that comes her way. She is a Senior and will leave us this year.

Emily Weyant, from the Freshman class, plays a very good game wherever she is needed. When any rough playing is needed she is the one for the place. We expect great things from her in the future.

Cyrille Duncan, sub center, played very hard when given a chance. She will graduate this year.

Rose Smith, sub guard, plays a very good game, but she did not start to play until the season was well under way.

Ruth Wing, sub guard, played well and may play on the regular team next year.



SCORES

Waterloo 10	-	-	-	Corunna 2
Waterloo 26	-	-	-	Ligonier 19
Waterloo 28	-	-	-	Ashley 6
Waterloo 14	-	-	-	Auburn 13
Waterloo 13	-	-	-	Angola 11
Waterloo 7	-	-	-	Auburn 34
Waterloo 17	-	-	-	Hamilton 7
Waterloo 37	-	-	-	Corunna 6
Waterloo 27	-	-	-	- Butler 1
Waterloo 1	-	-	-	Angola 15
Waterloo 10	-	-	-	Garrett 44
Waterloo 23	-	-	-	Ashley 6
Waterloo 11	-	-	-	Hamilton 15
Waterloo 7	-	-	-	Ligonier 11
Waterloo 10	-	-	-	Garrett 9

—CARL TILL, '23.

The Basket Ball teams had a very successful year, as can be shown by the number of games won. In order to reward the players and also to encourage future players, L. R. Willey, coach of both the Girls and Boys teams, and manager of the Athletic Association, presented sweaters to the members of both teams; those of the under-classmen carrying class colors and numerals, and those of the Seniors carrying in addition to this, service stripes.

The boys receiving them were: Justin Girardot, Captain; Alfred Kelley, Grant Kelley, John Showalter, Harry Dunn, Carl Till, Kenneth Henney, Raymond Bonecutter and Loy Ayers.

The girls receiving them were: Aileen Fee, Captain; Irene Fee, Wilma Wiltrout, Mary Bonfiglio, Betty Warner, Cyrille Duncan, Irene Griffin and Emily Weyant.





AN OPEN LETTER

My Dear Mr. Matson:

I received your very welcome letter yesterday and was very glad to get it as I have been rather lonesome of late. This Alaskan country is not a very lively place. I've been in the North Country since I graduated from high school under your able care. Not many letters find their way up here. I have been prospecting and trapping the last two years and have made a fair living.

Nome is a thriving city of about a thousand inhabitants, mostly Indians and some white people. I drove there the other day. Who do you suppose I had the pleasure to see? Justin Girardot and his old time sweetheart, Irene Fee. They said they intended to run a boarding house in Nome if the opportunity looked good. I received a telegram while at Nome calling me on business to Unalaska. On the boat I had the good fortune to meet more of my old classmates. Kenneth Henny and Albert Weicht were on the boat. We had a long talk and I asked them for more news of other classmates.

They told me that Mildred Snyder finally succeeded in finding a permanent lover and husband after her futile search, and landed Don McIntosh. They also told me that Aileen Fee and Harry Dunn were happily married and that Paul Hartman was now a famous artist. Cyrille Duncan and Billy Wiltrout had each made a futile effort in search for an ideal husband, but not succeeding, decided to be old maids.

At Unalaska I recognized Irene Duesler and Rosanna Castret and hailed them. They were on their way to China to become missionaries. I asked them for more information concerning more of my schoolmates. They told me that Alfred Kelly had married Rhea Dunkle and was part owner of his father-in-law's store. That Edna Forrest was married to Alva Buss and that Margaret Hamman had become a famous educator, and her brother, Harold, a bookkeeper and surveyor, following in the footsteps of his father. The international lecturer, Russell Walker had married Bertha Scheik and was out lecturing for the presidency of the United States. Carl Till is now a star basketball and baseball player and is sub water carrier on the New York Nationals. That woman-hater, Howard Hamman is finally married after breaking several girls' hearts.

Well, old helpmate, I will now close after this final outburst.

Very truly yours,

Q. E. D.



A REAL SURPRISE

Ada Combs was very busy cleaning her mother's house, for she was going away the next week. She knew her mother would not let her go if she did not get the house cleaned, because Spring was here. All the people on that street were busy cleaning house, and they didn't have time to stop and gossip like they usually did.

Ada was going to New York City to visit her cousin. She arose early that morning so she could get the upstairs cleaned. She thought it would take only two days to clean the house, and then she could make her several dresses for tea parties and receptions that she expected to attend.

She went about her work singing like a lark, and so loud that the neighbors all stopped to listen. Of course they wondered why she was so happy, as they had not heard that she was going to the city.

Ada was busy upstairs and she did not hear the neighbor ladies come up on the porch. Mrs. Combs was baking bread and pies, for she was planning to have a party on Ada. The neighbor ladies had probably been there an hour or so before Ada was aware of it. When she came downstairs with the rugs she had to go through the living-room.

"What in the world are you doing here?" asked Ada. Mrs. Brown said, "I heard you singing so loud and I wondered what it was all about. When I got here the rest of the ladies had come for the same purpose. Now, I guess you can take time enough to explain yourself. Are you going to elope or what? Your mother would not tell us where you were going. Now please explain."

Ada was so bewildered she just looked from one to another. Then at last she said, "I will tell you all about it as soon as I take these rugs out and put them on the line." When she went out the ladies looked at one another and laughed to think that she did not mistrust.

When she came into the house she said, "Saturday I leave for New York City to visit my cousin, Marie. I think I will stay a week or so; it just depends, if I like it I may stay a month. That is a good joke on you, Mrs. Brown, to think I am going to elope. Next time I won't sing so loud and I will be gone before you know it."

"I am sure we would have found it out in time to see you off," said Mrs. Brown.

Ada told them she could spare no more minutes. She went back upstairs to her work and the ladies went on planning what they were going to do for entertainment.

Meanwhile Ada's mother had baked one of the largest cakes that had ever been heard of in that vicinity. Mrs. Brown was to take the cake home with her and put on the icing.

When Ada came downstairs to get the rugs she noticed her mother in the sewing room. Of course she wondered what her mother was doing but she didn't take time to find out. At five-thirty she called her mother upstairs to inspect her work.

At the supper table that evening Ada wondered what her mother and father were laughing about. Ada was so busy with her own thoughts and plans that she did not inquire. She kept her father busy answering her questions concerning the train she would have to take.

The next morning Ada was up much earlier than the day before. Her mother helped her clean the rooms so that she would get through that day. They had the downstairs all cleaned except the kitchen, and Mrs. Combs said she would clean it next week. Ada retired very early that evening because she was tired and she



knew she would have to awake early the next morning.

All the next day Ada sewed and Mrs. Combs worked in the kitchen. Ada was busy with her dress and she did not know what her mother was doing in the kitchen.

That evening while Ada was finishing her dress some one knocked at the door. Ada called her mother to open the door. Her mother did not answer, so she had to go to the door herself. Ada was so surprised she forgot to invite them into the house.

"We have come to spend the evening with you. We are afraid you might not come back to us," said Ruth Brown.

Ada answered, "Oh, I am so glad you came over and please come in. We will have a good old time."

They had a very pleasant evening together, and when they left they made Ada promise that she would write to them. When Ada retired that evening she was very happy.

The next morning Ada left for New York. A number of her friends were at the station to see her off. She rode the rest of the day and all that night on the train. She did not sleep much on account of so much noise. About four-thirty the next morning she arrived at New York City. Marie was there to meet her.

"How did you like the trip?" asked Marie.

"I liked it alright in the day time, but I prefer sleeping at home," said Ada.

In the afternoon Ada and Marie went sight-seeing. When they were going down State street a very handsome young man came walking along. Marie knew him so she introduced him to Ada.

"May I call and take you ladies to the theater this evening?" asked Mr. Harmon.

"I would like to go very much," said Ada.

Marie had an engagement for that evening and she could not go with them.

She said, "I will meet you at the Summer Garden House after the play."

Ada was delighted to go and she wore her new evening gown and coat. Tom called for her at seven o'clock. On the way to the theater Tom asked all about Winfield (that was where she lived).

"It is a very nice place and I would not give it up for all New York," said Ada.

"If it is that nice I am surely coming there to visit. Do you suppose I could go along home with you and see the city?" asked Tom.

Ada was so excited she hardly knew what to say. At last she found her speech and said, "I would be delighted to have you go."

After the play they met Marie at the Summer Garden House. Ada was having a delightful time, so Marie did not talk much, as she wanted Ada to enjoy her visit. When Tom took them home he asked Ada if he could call the next evening. Of course, Ada accepted.

Ada stayed about a month and when the day came to go home she did not go alone. This time it was Mr. and Mrs. Tom Harmon that called at the Combs' home.

Before Mrs. Combs retired that evening she sent out announcements of a party to be held the next evening. On these cards she told the people to bring plenty of rice and old shoes.

The next morning Ada and her mother were very busy preparing refreshments for the evening. They baked a large cake and in this cake they placed a ring and a thimble. The person getting the ring would soon be married and the one drawing the thimble would be an old maid.

That evening a number of people, both old and young, came to get a piece of the wedding cake. Ruth Brown got the piece of cake with the ring and Dorothy Green, the thimble. They all reported a good time. Before they left Ada and Tom had plenty of rice thrown at them.

—IRENE M. DUESLER, '23.



MEMBERS	NICK NAME	HOBBY	BY-WORD	LOVES MOST	ISTIC CHARACTER-	AMBITION	GREATEST TROUBLE
Irene D.	Irene	Blue Eyes	Gee	Kettles	Her smile	Teacher	Blushing
Cyrille	Dunk	Boss	Oh! Heck	Dancing	Traveling	Toe dancer	Writing letters
Edna	Ted	Arguing	Huh	Music	Talk	To cook	Getting to school!
Mildred	Shorty	Movies	Well!	Giggle	New ideas	To travel	Boys
Irene F.	Rene	Whistling	Oh! Gee!	Joe	Short	Latin teacher	Primping
Aileen F.	Tim	Harry	Whoa!	Cats	Never to be alone	B. B. fan	Baking pies
Rosanna	Zan	Jewelry	Gee! Wiz!	Pete	Shyness	To settle down	To recite
Marguerite	Marjie	Quiet	Heavens	Good grades	To get A's	Spinster	Specks
Wilma	Billy	Laughing	Oh! dear	Kenney	Squeal	To love	Her powder puff
Paul	P. K.	Chewing Gum	By George	Corunna	Grin	Cartoonist	Girls
Albert	Bill	Farming	Gee! Wack!	Olives	Fat	To get slim	To get a date
Alfred	Kelley	Singing	What's that	Beech-nut	Intelligence	Pharmacy	Miss Kerns
Kenneth	Henny	Girls	Goodnight	Freshmen	Talking	Ask him	To be silent
Howard	Hamy	Smilin'	Hot dog	Engines	Bashfulness	Farmer	Sending mail
Harold	Mose	Speeches	You betcha	Maggie	Sleepy	Accountant	Dates
Justin	Joe	Sweaters	How you feeling	Rene	Walk	Editor	Fords
Carl	Pigeon	Watermelons	Raspberries	School	Actions	Preacher	To flirt
Russell	Buss	Walking	Not me	Baseball	Knowledge	President	Teasing

MY DUTY

Westfield and Marlin, it seemed, always had been athletic rivals; small industrious towns, where the god of acquaintance and fellowship had been allowed to reign. It was small wonder that the struggle for athletic supremacy had gone on for years.

Each went the limit in vociferous faith in their respective high schools, yet never had the rivalry approached such fever heat as this year.

The great basketball season was fast drawing to a close and each had gone thro its schedules without a defeat.

Westfield, according to rampart reports, was the favorite, possessing Bob Warwick, an all state center and Clayton Stanley whose work at forward had been the subject of many a column in Westfield's daily quota of news.

It was one of those typical winter days and Westfield Hi had just been dismissed for the day.

"Hello, Clayton," rang out a boyish voice. "If you're going down Forrest Street I'll skip along.

It was Bob Warwick, captain and center of the Westfield Hi team, speaking; his remarks being addressed to Clayton Stanley, star forward and one of the main cogs in the machine in whom Westfield placed her hopes for victory.

Rumor had it that a secret disruption had occurred between the two boys; the reason being jealousy on the part of Clayton, because of the election of Bob as captain. Both were seniors, both had been thro previous campaigns, and both were eligible for the honor, but it had developed that there had been little choice as the practically unanimous election had shown.

"Oh, it's you," was Clayton's cool reply to Bob's words. "Why travel Forrest Street when you live on Brown?"

"Why, Clayton, you see I've got perhaps an hour to spare and I'm going down and split some wood for Widow Collins," was Bob's prompt answer.

"It's a mystery to me why you always do things for Mrs. Collins and everybody knows she doesn't give you a thing," said Clayton in a sneering tone.

Unmindful of the tone or of his apparent scornful demeanor, Bob replied in a steady tone, "But, Clayton, Mrs. Collins once did Mother a great favor and I consider it my duty to help her."

"All right, Little Saint," said Clayton. "And did you consider it your duty to absent yourself from our little party the other night, or would that have been against your religious principle?" said Clayton, a mocking grin on his face.

"No!" almost shouted Bob, "but I do consider it my duty to obey the



training rules of our team. It is my duty to keep myself in the best shape that I may give the best that is in me for the old school. More than that, the people you know and the people I know are looking to you and me to fight for Westfield and it is my duty to live up to the trust they have in us.

Bob had become warm in the defense of the principle he most loved, his duty; and having finished speaking his mind, he turned off in the direction of Mrs. Collins.

As for Clayton, he stumbled homeward as if in a daze. Bob's words, "my duty," had hit the mark. He had never looked at it in that light before. A flush of shame came over him as his thoughts traveled to the fact that a neighboring town had made him a tempting offer to play with a professional team just two days before the all important game with Marlin, and he had wanted to accept it. Now over him came a change. Clayton Stanley's duty was to fight for dear old Westfield; to give the best that was in him and to uphold the trust that his friends had in him.

The game with Marlin was the following Friday and this was Wednesday. One more night of practice, but he was resolved to use it to his advantage and his resolution was made good.

At last the big game. Westfield, headed by Captain Warwick, trotted out on the floor and a mighty roar greeted them. Old Rose and Gold pennants fluttered and waved and the crowd was at fever heat.

Marlin at last came out for warming up practice, and a mighty roar of approval went up from their supporters.

At last the game began and as the tide of battle swung backward and forward the thought, "My Duty," was uppermost in the mind of Clayton Stanley. Forgotten was the tempting offer from a neighboring town. The thought that it was his duty to fight for Westfield remained. In the midst he heard someone in the sidelines yell, "Two minutes to go, Westfield. Let's go." And with a mighty rush the ball was carried down the floor and with a Marlin guard trying desperately for the ball, Clayton shot it straight toward the hoop and with a swish it dropped thro the net and the game was over. Westfield's team had to dive for the dressing room to avoid being carried off by the now wild crowd of joyful fans.

Dressing now being done, it was arranged by the fans to have a reception in the auditorium of the school for the victors. Clayton edged his way around the dressing room until he came to Bob, who, supreme in his joy at victory, did an impromptu war dance around him, but Clayton silenced him by saying, "Bob, don't say a word of praise for me. I don't deserve it. It was you who taught me the true love of school by your "My Duty." You taught me that it was my duty to uphold the honor of Old Westfield. And, boys," said Clayton in his clear, steady voice, "I say, let's give nine RaHS for Bob Warwick, the greatest captain old Westfield ever had.

And do you know it always has been a mystery to the Principal, who was just ascending the stairs at that time, how seven boys could cause such a roar.

—ROSANNA M. CASTRET, '23.











TO OUR JANITOR

Here's to our Janitor, Mr. Bowman,
With heart and hand of a sturdy yoeman.
To us he is sweet, for he gives us some heat,
And Waterloo Hi says, he can't be beat.

He remains true blue as good men should,
Who shovel coal and put in the wood.
He shares our sorrows and our joys,
He's a wonderful friend of both girls and boys.

He has been faithful for three long years,
To him we owe many good cheers.
We hope he thinks his time well spent,
And will not our regards resent.



THE WINNING OF PHYLLIS

"Come on, Jim old top, you will be perfectly welcome. There will be plenty of girls. Mrs. Harding will make you feel right at home."

"Well I know, but you know how I feel. You go on and go, I will be perfectly all right. I'll take in a good movie."

Jimmy Long was a college pal of Robert Brown. He was paying his friend a visit. Bob had been invited to a birthday party at Harding's and was trying to persuade Jim to go along. Jim really wanted to go, because he had heard Bob speak of Phyllis Harding and he was anxious to meet her. After considerable coaxing Jim consented to go, providing it was all right with Mrs. Harding. Bob called up Mrs. Harding and she said any friend of Robert Brown was surely welcome.

Jimmy Long whistled merrily as he retired that night. Why shouldn't he whistle? He had met Phyllis Harding and had danced three or four dances with her. Bob noticed that Jimmy was exceptionally happy so he inquired as to the reason for all the merriment. The answer to his question made him frown a deep sympathetic frown. He knew how determined Jimmy was once he set his head for a thing.

"Better not build your castles too high," he replied, in a tone that made Jim stop and stare at him wonderingly. After a moment's pause he continued, "She's had chances to marry men that the average girl would marry in a minute.

Jimmy looked at him again and a slight smile slowly came across his face. Then he said, "But you see, I'm different." Then he added, "What are her ideals? Maybe I could live up to them."

Bob's face broadened into a smile that reached from ear to ear. "That's one thing you couldn't do. You've done about everything else in this world that you wanted to do, but that's one thing you couldn't do. She has a silly notion in her head that she must marry some vicious wild bandit and tame him. He must be a real for sure bandit. So you see it will be impossible for you to be that because you are no more like a bandit than you are like a jack rabbit."

Jimmy said no more, but went silently to bed deeply engrossed in his thoughts. Bob let him alone because he knew it would do no good to interrupt him.

About three o'clock next morning Bob was awakened by a loud exclamation from someone in his room. He sat up in bed and rubbed his eyes very briskly. On seeing Jim the expression on his face turned to a look of doubt.

"What ails you, man, prowling around at this hour of the morning? Are you ill? If you're not sleepy, pray let one sleep who is sleepy." And with that he fell back on his pillow and covered his head. Jimmy was on him in a minute and took the covers off his face.



"Listen, Bob, just a minute please, I have a proposition to make to you. Will you listen?"

"No," came the gruff reply. Due to loss of sleep and the outrageous idea of being awakened at three o'clock in the morning to listen to some proposition, Bob was very angry and he absolutely refused to listen. Jim seeing it was no use to coax him, decided to try and snatch a few minutes sleep, too.

When Jim awoke the next morning he at once saw that Bob had arisen before him. He dressed hurriedly and ran downstairs to find him and to make the proposition. He found Bob in the library reading the morning paper. On seeing him and recollecting his previous attempt to make the proposition, he decided to wait until he was sure Bob was in good humor. "Good morning, old top. What's the news?"

"Good morning, Jim. No news that amounts to anything. These strikes make me tired. The papers are always full of murders and robberies."

With that Mrs. Brown called them to breakfast. They said no more to each other until after breakfast when they were seated on the wide veranda, basking in the sunshine. Jim was anxious to make his proposition but he did not know just how to begin. Bob finally broached the subject for him. "That proposition, Jim. I'm ready to hear it now."

Jim's face broadened into a smile. "Don't think I have gone crazy, Bob. I really am serious. I am desperately in love with Phyllis and you must help me win her. First let me ask you a few questions. Have you ever mentioned my name to her?"

Bob studied a moment and then replied, "No, I don't believe I ever have."

Jimmie Long sat back in his chair, and drew a breath of relief "Things are coming right my way. I am going west tonight, and in a few days Phyllis Harding will receive a nice little letter demanding her to come west. I will sign it, 'Corilla, the terrible bandit.'"

Bob gazed at him a second, then he rose to leave with a look of disgust on his face. "Jim, you're hopeless. This is an outrageous idea. What would your father say to it?"

"Oh, dad left yesterday for Europe. That's why I'm here."

"Of course it doesn't matter to me what you do, but I'll wager you don't succeed." With that he walked away.

Jim sat for perhaps half an hour making and remaking plans. Then he hurried up to his room.

The following Wednesday, Phyllis Harding received a letter. It was very short indeed, but it conveyed a very interesting message. Phyllis read it several times, then she paused and looked out of the window. It wouldn't do to tell her mother because she was opposed to her silly idea of marriage. She would tell her that she needed a rest and was going



west for a while. She would see who this Corilla person was.

A few days later, Bob, reading the society columns chuckled to himself. Phyllis Harding going west for a rest. She sure was nervy. Things were going too fast to suit him, so he also decided to go west for a short vacation.

Jimmy had made a careful survey of the community where he was stopping. He selected a deserted shack about three miles from the village. He laid up provisions for about one month, then he hired a few boys to watch all the trains and see if a certain young lady got off. He rigged up in some bandit clothes and had his picture taken, then he mounted these upon large posters and underneath he printed in large type, "CORILLA, THE TERRIBLE; BEWARE OF ME."

Phyllis having gotten nicely settled in her room, such as it was, decided to walk around the town and learn what she could about this terrible bandit. The town was a typical little mountain village. It was located on the side of a mountain looking down into a gorgeous valley.

The second day in the village she saw the bandit. She was just returning from a stroll as he dismounted from his horse and entered the hotel lobby. How wonderful he looked, but he would look a lot better if he was dressed in civilian clothes, thought she. As she entered the lobby she had a strong desire to speak to him but something told her not to. She stopped to inquire for her mail, and the bandit also came up to the desk. When the clerk had his back turned he said in a gruff whisper, "I'll be at the mill at ten o'clock tomorrow morning, will you join me for a ride?" Phyllis was tongue-tied. She nearly lost her nerve, but she decided to since she had come this far.

"Yes," she finally answered in a weak little voice. The clerk handed her the mail and she hurried off to her room. Was she really doing right by going for a ride with this strange person? He really did not look so terribly, but she would carry her small revolver; surely she could protect herself.

Phyllis was a little late in arriving at the mill, and Corilla reminded her of it. They started off at a brick canter up towards the summit of the mountains. "You didn't set any definite time for returning, did you?" he asked.

"Why no, not exactly," she replied a little nervously.

"I brought a lunch along in case we are gone too long and get hungry. It's quite a jaunt up to the peak of this mountain, but it's worth it."

Phyllis was very silent and Jim wondered about this. He really had expected her to be very conversive. Perhaps she was frightened by his appearance. Next time he would fix up a bit. After a while conversation came more easily and they chatted about the scenery. All the time Phyllis was thinking how much he was like the man of her dreams. It surely must be a dream. Jim too, was thinking. He was not sure just how a real bandit would make love but he decided to be very rough. They ate their lunch near the summit and then continued their journey. When they finally reached the top, Jim dismounted, leaving Phyllis to get off unassisted. She felt very weak and awkward as she dismounted. Jimmy's affections were taking deeper root and it hurt him to allow her to be treated with so little regard. Phyllis too, was feeling the deepening roots of love.

He walked over to the edge of the cliff and motioned for her to follow. She peered shyly over and drew back with a shudder. The next time she



looked he gave her a slight push and then caught her. She tried to free herself but it was impossible as he was very strong. He gave her a savage look and then said in a gruff tone, "Don't try to get away from me. I am determined to make you my wife."

"Make me your wife? Do you know who I am?" she replied hotly. Her dream had faded away and she was very angry.

"Why not make you my wife. You seem to suit my taste. It makes no difference who you are. But you need not worry, because I know."

He made no effort now to hold her. She immediately took advantage of her freedom and ran, mounted her horse and galloped away towards the valley. Jim made no move to stop her, but seated himself under a tree and took out his pipe. Had he blundered? Would she leave for the east or would she reconsider and recall her dream?

Phyllis went straight to her room when she arrived at the hotel. She flung herself down on the bed and wept bitterly. She did love him but she would not let herself admit it. She finally cried herself to sleep and when she awoke it was twenty minutes to six. She hurried to dress for supper and then decided she would write a letter. She met with a surprise when she entered the dining room, for there sat Robert Brown. She was very glad to see him and put off her letter writing until later, that she might have a chat with him and raise her depressed spirits. She didn't mention her meeting with the bandit, but Bob guessed that something was wrong.

After she left Bob, she wrote the letter,—it was to Corilla, of course. She told him that she had had a silly idea that she wanted to marry a bandit but now she had come to realize the foolishness of it. She couldn't marry a murderer and a thief. It was simply ridiculous. She would leave in a few days but he need not try to see her, because it would be impossible.

Jimmy read the letter very carefully. She was right. What would he do now. While he was pondering he heard someone behind him say, "Cheer up, don't give up too easily." It was Bob. How fortunate. He would cease to be Corilla, the bandit, but would be Bob's pal, Jimmy Long, just arrived in Dayville.

Phyllis received no letter from Corilla as she expected and thought that no doubt he realized the impossibility of the matter and did not want to trouble her farther.

She was glad to see Jimmy Long, he reminded her so much of Corilla. The three spent the day together riding through the valley. That evening after supper they gathered on the veranda and watched the moon come slowly over the mountain. When it finally reached its zenith Jim asked Phyllis to go for a walk. They excused themselves from Bob and walked toward the village outskirts. When they were at the end of the road Jimmy suddenly grabbed her and kissed her madly. She struggled at first and then returned his kisses. She knew now that he was Corilla. "You do love me," he cried.

They searched for Bob as soon as they got back to the hotel, to tell him the good news. They were married next day by the village parson. Phyllis wired her mother that she had carried out her "wild idea" and had married Corilla, the terrible bandit. But Bob, who was more considerate, also sent a message that explained the matter perfectly. Both had won—Phyllis had carried out her dream and Jimmy had won her in spite of the warnings of Bob.

—CYRILLE DUNCAN, '23.



OUR LIBRARY

The Waterloo High School Library has been greatly improved this year and now consists of about nine hundred volumes. Of these about six hundred are reference books.

The greatest addition this year is a new set of Americana Encyclopaedias (thirty volumes); this set being published in 1923. An Atlas of the world, besides two sets of maps of twenty-four maps each were purchased. Numerous classics have been added to the literary collections. The books of the library have been catalogued and the Borrowers' Card system of loaning books has been established.

This library has been inspected and recognized by the Public Library Commission of Indiana.

—WILMA WILTROUT, Librarian.





CALENDAR



SEPTEMBER

Monday 11th—
Thirty-seven Freshies arrive.
Tuesday 12th—
Miss Moore arrives.
Wednesday 13th—
Freshies forget to go to class.
Thursday 14th—
Oh! Hot weather.
Friday 15th—
Seniors elect class officers.
Monday 18th—
Elect Society officers.
Tuesday 19th—
Edna smiles out loud.
Wednesday 20th—
Miss Wiggerly starts testing voices.
Thursday 21st—
Many pupils go to Kendallville fair.
Friday 22nd—
Waterloo and Ashley play baseball.
Monday 25th—
Seniors elect annual staff.
Tuesday 26th—
First fire drill.
Wednesday 27th—
Nothing doing but hard work.
Thursday, Sept. 28—
Matson says some people are like blotters.
Friday 29th—
Waterloo and Ashley play baseball.

OCTOBER

Monday 2nd—
O, this weather!
Tuesday 3rd—
Girls organize B. B. team.
Wednesday 4th—
Miss Kern tells Seniors to study harder on History.
Thursday 5th—
Seniors sell tickets for lecture course.

Friday 6th—
Zeda program.
Monday 9th—
Rhea smiles at Alfred.
Tuesday 10th—
Rains all day.
Wednesday 11th—
Glee Club practices.
Thursday 12th—
Irene F. finds a gray hair on Rosanna's head.
Friday 13th—
No school. Teachers go to Fort Wayne.
Monday, 16th—
Company today.
Tuesday 17th—
Beautiful day.
Wednesday 18th—
Just plain school.
Thursday 19th—
Senior girls are called to the office ?!?
Friday 20th—
Waterloo plays Ligonier. Our girls win.
Monday 21st—
Mirrors at last. John Showalter returned Ring's tablets consisting of the covers.
Tuesday 24th—
Mr. Matson watches the hall mirrors.
Tuesday 25th—
Charles S. gets to school on time.
Thursday 26th—
Mary B. got a letter.
Friday 27th—
Mildred and Edna eat dinner in the graveyard. Ashley and Waterloo play basket ball. Tie.
Monday 30th—
Zedie's give Hallowe'en party.
Tuesday 31st—
Cyrille asks Mr. Hartman how much $1\frac{1}{2} \times 1\frac{1}{2}$ is. Lecture course.



NOVEMBER

Wednesday 1st—
 Wilma W. goes to sleep and snores
 in school time.
 Thursday 2nd—
 Nearly all the boys are called to
 court for stealing watermelons.
 Friday 3rd—
 Cicie program.
 Monday 6th—
 Freshmen get a new pennant.
 Tuesday 7th—
 Iva Mergy receives a letter.
 Wednesday 8th—
 Harold H. is sent from Physiology
 class.
 Thursday, 9th—
 Mr. Matson finds candy papers.
 Friday 10th—
 Celebrate Armistice Day by having
 a program.
 Monday 13th—
 Mary B. asks Albert W. for a kiss.
 (Candy).
 Tuesday 14th—
 Freddie tattles as usual.
 Wednesday 15th—
 Results.
 Thursday 16th—
 A Japanese man gives a speech.
 Everyone purchases an elephant
 from him.
 Friday 17th—
 Lecture course. Auburn plays Wa-
 terloo.
 Monday 20th—
 Snows for the first.
 Tuesday 21st—
 Seniors and Mr. Hartman debate
 whether or not women should be
 educated.
 Wednesday 22nd—
 Seniors tardy to assembly.
 Thursday 23rd—
 Everybody works.
 Friday 24th—
 Mildred tries to make Mr. Matson
 believe the cat's tail is its center of

gravity.
 Monday 27th—
 Rose Smith comes to school with a
 diamond on her left hand.
 Tuesday 28th—
 Miss Moore gives Ring D. a bawl-
 ing out.
 Wednesday 29th—
 Thanksgiving vacation.

DECEMBER

Monday, 4th—
 Rain, Rain, Rain.
 Tuesday 5th—
 Lecture on Pyorrhea.
 Wednesday 6th—
 Miss Moore tells three Senior girls
 that they are wild. Waterloo plays
 Butler.
 Thursday 7th—
 Nobody whispers!
 Friday 8th—
 Zedie program.
 Monday 11th—
 Lecture course.
 Tuesday 12th—
 Aileen Fee comes to school with
 mark on her neck. Ask Harry.
 Wednesday 13th—
 Test in music.
 Thursday 14th—
 Mr. Matson makes Curtis Hawk
 untie knots in chain.
 Friday 15th—
 Waterloo plays Angola.
 Monday 18th—
 Just school.
 Tuesday 19th—
 Mr. Matson and Physics class blow
 bubbles.
 Wednesday 20th—
 Garrett plays Waterloo.
 Thursday 21st—
 Close school on account of small-
 pox. Xmas vacation.
 Tuesday 2nd—
 Old Santa was good to all of us.



JANUARY

Wednesday 3rd—Virginia is sent home from Latin class.
 Thursday 4th—
 Miss Kern displays her new handkerchief Santa brought.
 Friday 5th—
 Elect society officers for second semester.
 Monday 8th—
 Kelley back after several days absence.
 Tuesday 9th—
 Alfred and Albert are called to Room C. !?!?
 Wednesday 10th—Harriet, after being vaccinated, tells Harold H. if he touches her arm she will knock him down.
 Thursday 11th—
 Tests!
 Friday 12th—
 Boys' B. B. tournament.
 Monday 15th—
 Class rings come at last. Speech on "Basket Ball" by Mr. Willey.
 Tuesday 16th—
 Class rings are well liked by all. "If you throw erasers at your piano at home, do so here," so Mr. Matson says.
 Wednesday 17th—
 No chorus today.
 Thursday 18th—
 Furnace not working.
 Friday 19th—
 Seniors and Freshies plays Sophs and Juniors.
 Monday 22nd—
 Miss Moore and Miss Kern get vaccinated.
 Tuesday 23rd—
 Just school.
 Wednesday 24th—
 Ditto.
 Thursday 25th—
 Miss Kerns finds Sophomores playing with Xmas toys.
 Friday 26th—
 Just school.
 Monday 29th—
 School closes for a week on account of scarlet fever.

FEBRUARY

Monday 5th—
 Everybody back after a week's vacation.
 Tuesday 6th—
 Girls come to school with ribbons on their hair.
 Wednesday 7th—
 Waterloo plays Ashley.
 Thursday 8th—
 Mr. Martin talks to the school.
 Friday 9th—
 Seniors play Sophs. We winn!!
 Monday 12th—
 Miss Wiggerly didn't get a letter. Gee, she's crabby.
 Tuesday 13th—
 Seniors start to have their pictures taken for annual. Last number of lecture course.
 Wednesday 14th—
 Practice high school yells.
 Thursday 15th—
 Giggie Club holds meeting at five-minute period.
 Friday 16th—
 Rosanna C. wins first prize for writing best H. S. yell.
 Monday 19th—
 Rev. Brown talks to the school.
 Tuesday 20th—
 Miss Kern buys soda for bad stomachs.
 Wednesday 21st—
 More bad stomachs.
 Thursday 22nd—
 Zedies give program.
 Friday 23rd—
 We celebrate Washington's birthday. Waterloo plays Hamilton.
 Monday 26th—
 Just school.
 Tuesday, 27th—
 Carl Till's chair upsets in History class. Some spill.
 Wednesday 28th—
 Miss Kern tries to make Seniors believe that she is old enough to vote.



MARCH

- Thursday 1st—
Sparkle Moore raves. She says she'll tell 'em what's what at teachers' meeting.
- Friday March 2—
Tournament at Angola. Waterloo plays Fremont.
- Monday 5th—
Garrett wins at Tournament.
- Tuesday 6th—
Miss Kern suggests that the Sophomores take soda if they have stomach trouble.
- Wednesday 7th—
All High School pupils take exercises.
- Thursday 8th—
Ciceronian program at Town Hall. Very good.
- Friday 9th—
Preliminary is given for the contest.
- Monday 12th—
Blizzard.
- Tuesday 13th—
Kenneth wears Shorty's coat.
- Wednesday 14th—
Freshmen are having a hard time getting their class poem written.
- Thursday 15th—
March is giving us a large variety of weather.
- Friday 16th—
Contest between Ashley, Corunna and Waterloo. We win four out of five.
- Monday 19th—
Virginia and Cyrille are scared. Wonder why? Snow! Snow!
- Tuesday 20th—
Miss Kern gives Seniors a bawling out.
- Wednesday 21st—
Hurrah for Spring!!
- Thursday 22nd—
Spring flowers.
- Friday 23rd—
Contest at Auburn.
- Monday 26th—
Miss Moore gets excited and falls upstairs.
- Tuesday 27th—

- O, for something exciting!
- Wednesday 28th—
We are getting the "Spring fever." Miss Kern receives a box of candy from Seniors. (April fool.)
- Thursday 29th—
Ida Fulk's pony goes home without her consent. Teachers are given a party by the students.
- Friday 30th—
Piano gets tuned.

APRIL

- Monday 2nd—
Mr. Matson is here before first bell rings. What's going to happen?
- Tuesday 3rd—
More rain!
- Wednesday 4th—
Mr. Matson says that he is going to set a special time for Shorty and Kenneth to play.
- Thursday 5th—
Mr. Hartman reads Nursery rhymes to Seniors.
- Friday 6th—
Basketball girls and boys are awarded sweaters.
- Monday 9th—
Oliver O. has to stand in front of class for being naughty.
- Tuesday 10th—
Shorty falls off the seat onto the floor.
- Wednesday 11th—
More winter.
- Thursday 12th—Operetta is given by the grades.
- Friday 13th—
Civics class goes to Auburn to hear a trial. Marguerite, Shorty and Edna walk, but arrive there too late.
- Monday 16th—
Each class in High school buys a picture to put in school house.
- Tuesday 17th—
Ask Edna what she saw up town. (No one else knows.)
- Wednesday 18th—
Cyrille tells Mildred to sit still so she can read.



Thursday 19th—
 Chester S. goes to sleep in school.
 Friday 20th—Freddie tattles again.
 Mr. Matson looks for kids, who are
 playing hookey.
 Thursday 19th—
 Nobody plays hookey.
 Friday 20th—
 Loy Ayers goes to sleep. Looks
 mysterious.
 Monday 23rd—
 Everyone goes strolling.
 Tuesday 24th—
 Grade cards again.
 Wednesday 25th—
 Helen F. gets her seat changed.
 Thursday 26th—
 Seniors practice for play.
 Friday 27th—
 Nothing doing.
 Monday 30th—
 Blue Monday.

MAY

Tuesday 1st—
 Bessie M. is caught making "goo-
 goo" eyes at Freddie.
 Wednesday 2nd—
 Wonder where everybody is. Mr.
 Willey is in Indianapolis.
 Thursday 3rd—
 Dress rehearsal.
 Friday 4th—
 Senior Class play.

Monday 7th—
 Rain! Rain!
 Tuesday 8th—
 Everybody has a sucker. (Candy.)
 Wednesday 9th—
 Visitors.
 Thursday 10th—
 Dress rehearsal for Operetta.
 Friday 11th—
 Operetta!
 Monday 14th—
 Everybody has Spring fever.
 Tuesday 15th—
 Seniors are getting childish.
 Wednesday 16th—
 Annuals are out. Baseball game.
 Thursday 17th—
 Freshmen are asked to take ex-
 amples from Seniors.
 Friday 18th—
 Only a week more of school. Booh!
 Monday 21st—
 Miss Moore is on her war path.
 Tuesday 22nd—
 Miss Kern says salt is good for
 coughs. Reception for Juniors and
 Seniors.
 Wednesday 23rd—
 Teachers are all so sleepy.
 Thursday 24th—
 Seniors are bidding farewell to
 school days.
 Friday 25th—
 Commencement.
 Saturday 26th—Pleasure trip. Ev-
 erything is over.





JOKES

Here's some jokes, dear reader.
Read them everyone,
But do not read them loudly,
Or the world will die from fun.

† † †

Mr. Hartman—"The other night while I was driving thirty miles per hour a Ford went around me."

A. Kelley—"Oh! they've got to go that fast to keep the motor running."

† † †

Miss Moore (Physiology 4)—"There is forty-five per cent. alcohol in jazz-me ginger. (Jamaica ginger.)"

† † †

Raymond B.—"Why do roots of plants grow down and not up?"

Mr. Wiley—"Why don't you grow both ways?"

† † †

Miss Kern (History 4)—"Bertha, what kind of music did the early church have?"

Bertha—"Why chimes and, er, a grind organs." (pipe organs.)

† † †

Curtis Hawk—"Our teacher didn't need birch. She used a hickory broom handle."

Mr. Hartman—"Well, you got the point, didn't you?"

† † †

Miss Moore (H. E. class)—"Each one bring a tea towel before cooking."

Helen Miller—"What's a tea towel?"

† † †

Mr. Hartman (English)—"When the blind man saw the house was dark he turned and went away."

† † †

John S.—"Will that watch tell time?"

Grant K.—"No, you have to look at it."

Faye D.—"Did you think G. S. was hard?" (meaning general science.)

Mildred K.—"Who's that?"

† † †

Mr. Matson—"Who threw the chair against the eraser?" (meaning eraser against chair.)

† † †

Carl Hamman—"What's that fellow's name?"

Chester Shultz—"Which one, the black headed curly fellow?"

† † †

ERASERS

I've seen erasers, many kinds,
Erasers made of felt.

They hit one squarely on the head,
They're sure to raise a welt.

Erasers on a pencil's end,
Of rubber these are made.
A pleasing thing for one to chew
If the bookstore man is paid.

These things are tools, which students
ne'er

Can get along without,
But the ones that girls must always have
I want to speak about.

They're round and flat and smooth and
soft,

Their homes' in vanity cases,
They're used to spread the powder round
On their owners' pretty faces.

† † †

Mr. Hartman (English 4)—"Tomorrow bring poems written by Whittier."

Albert W.—"I have one here written
on Longfellow."



PROMINENT POSITIONS IN W. H. S.

Henry Wing—Musical Director.
 Sheldon Hines—President of Radio Fans.
 Curtis Hawk—Champion buck shot shooter.
 Fisher Quaintance—Poet Laureate.
 Paul Hartman—Master of Chewing Gum Club.
 Mary Bonfiglio—President of Nutt Club.
 Helen Fisher—Manager of Giggle Club.
 Marguerite Hamman—Director of Old Maid Hall.
 Fred Boyer—Yell Leader.

† † †
 Miss Moore—"When do we breathe in moisture?"

Cyrille—"When we are under water."

† † †
 Mr. Hartman—"Do you remember the Trojan war?"

Charles S.—"Yeah!"

† † †
 Miss Moore (grieving over her gold fish)—"Why, I didn't know that he was dead till he died."

† † †
 Oliver (Gen. S.)—"One should never have a flickering shoulder." (Meaning flickering light.)

Edna—"I can hear your watch tick here."

A. K. (sitting at the desk in front of her)—"That's jus the chain you heard."

† † †
 Paul Hartman (defining thermometer)—"It is a small glass tube."

Mr. Matson—"It doesn't necessarily need to be small."

Paul—"It depends on the size."

† † †

Mr. Willey—"What is a false doctrine?"

John S.—"That's when papa gives the wrong stuff to sick people."

† † †

Alfred K.—"Gee, your a peach."

Rhea—"Might all be, but if you don't shave you'll have all the fuzz rubbed off."

† † †

Henry Wing (Botany class)—"Doesn't Cholera Bacteria travel 980 miles per hour?"

Mr. Willey—"I don't know I never figured it out."

STUDENTS' SOCIAL MENU

Roasts

Kenneth (Hen)ney

Relishes

(Olive)r Opdyke

Cider

Ric(hard) O'Brien

Fried

(Fish)er Quaintance

Wilma Wil (trout)

Bread

Loy (Brown) Ayers

Nuts

(Almond) Frick

Potatoes

(Irish) Ola Sponsler

Cold Meats

Marguerite (Ham)man

Fruits

Mary Bon(fig)lio

Pudding

Grace Beat(rice) Knott

Breakfast Food

(Cyrille) Duncan (cereal)

Table Decorations

(Rose) Smith

(Myrtle) Irene Griffin

(Violet) Eberly

† † †

Ola—"There are two great iron mining districts in eastern N. America." (Eastern N. America.)

† † †

Miss Wiggerly—"Lots of girls use dumbbells to get color in their cheeks."

† † †

John (History II)—"France takes iron from the Rhur valley over for Germany to smelt it." Smelt it.)

† † †

Mr. Hartman—"What is the synonym for Coy?"

Mr. Matson—"Wilma."

† † †

Miss Moore—"Why shouldn't we eat fried eggs?"

Justin—"The gastric juice in the stomach won't cut the grease."

† † †

Mr. Willey (Botany)—"How many different kinds of roots are there?"

Freddie—"Aerial roots and the opposite to that. I don't know what it is."



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ALWAYS A FRIEND"

MY OLD FORD

Of my old Ford everybody makes fun;
 They say it was born in nineteen one.
 Maybe it was, but this I'll bet,
 She's good for many a long mile yet.
 The windshield's gone—and the radiator
 leaks,
 The fan belt slips and the horsepower
 squeaks.
 She shakes the screws and the nuts all
 loose,
 But I get forty miles on a gallon of juice.
 When I can't get gas I burn Kerosene.
 And I've driven home on Paris Green.
 She has a rattle in front and a grind in
 the rear,
 And a Chinese puzzle for a steering gear.
 Her coils are dead and her plugs fire,
 And her piston rings are bailing wire.
 But in spit of this she pulls me thru
 And that's about all my car can do.
 With high-priced cars they give you tools,
 Some extra parts and a book of rules.
 Some wire stretchers and a pair of shears
 Are all I have carried in fifteen years.
 And if I live to see the day
 She falls to pieces like the one-horse shay,
 If old Hank Ford stays in the game,
 I'll buy another by the same true name.

† † †

TO KENNETH HENNEY

Tell me,
 O, great man,
 The secret of
 Your wondrous knowledge.
 Do you, O, senior, with your
 Infinite power of comprehension,
 Glean your wisdom from,
 The tongues of trees,
 The books in running brooks
 And sermons in stones?
 Impart to me, O finished
 Scholar of the ages,
 Passionate Poet,
 And learned Philosopher
 Of all times, the secret of
 Your hidden charms, enabling you
 To extract the truths and facts
 From your mystical books which
 Surround you in your
 Midnight reverie with
 The written record of the thoughts
 Of the world's great seers of ages past.

ADVICE TO A FRESHMAN

Oh, tell me little Freshman,
 What makes you look so green?
 Is it because while on the street,
 It makes you easily seen?

Why do you ask of teachers,
 With ne'er the faintest smile,
 So many foolish questions,
 In length about a mile?

Oh, do you know, small Freshmen
 That you should act just so,
 And mind your teachers' every word
 And don't be quite so slow?

You should always work quite hard
 And get your lessons all;
 Another thing, don't loiter 'round
 And gossip in the hall.

Now Freshmen, if you heed these words
 And mind them, every one,
 You may expect to pass your grades,
 And have another year of fun.

† † †

Man is not the only animal that can be
 skinned more than once.

† † †

Henry Wing (Botany)—"What is co-
 caine used for?"

Mr. Willey—"For medicinal purposes."

Alfred—"Druggists have it." (Wonder
 what he knows about it.)

† † †

Mr. Willey—"What sometimes bothers
 watermelons?"

Carl Till—"Have you heard about that,
 too?"

† † †

I'd rather be a Could-Be

If I couldn't be an Are.

For a Could-Be in a May-Be

With a chance of touching par.

I'd rather be a Has-Been

Than a Might-Have-Been, by far;

For a Might-Have-Been has never been.

But a Has was once an Are.

† † †

Bill W. (Physics)—"Galileo was a great
 mathematic." (meaning a great mathe-
 matician.)



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THE AUBURN PRINTING COMPANY

AUBURN · INDIANA

Mr. Willey—"Where do you find organic matter?"

A. K.—"In the ground."

Mr. Willey—"Then where do you find inorganic matter?"

A. K.—"In the soil."

† † †

Mr. Matson (Physics)—"What's a pendulum?"

Paul—"A piece of clock, that's all I know."

† † †

Justin choking Kenneth.

Kenneth—"If you don't stop I will fine you for false murder."

† † †

Mr. Matson (Physics)—"If you stood there and pushed that post all day, would you be working?"

Alfred K.—"Yes, it would be a task to stand there."

† † †

Mr. Hartman (English 3)—"I don't believe I'm a descendent from a monkey, although, I don't know what you think of my looks."

† † †

Mr. Matson (Physics)—"Will all liquids boil at the same temperature?"

Alfred—"No, some you can boil for an hour and they won't boil."

† † †

JUST A POEM

Tried to pass

Stepped on gas

Bang! Boom! Crash!

May get well

Hard to tell—

Looks like hash.

† † †

Kelley—"Some people celebrate their wooden weddings, but I'm going to celebrate my wouldn't wedding."

O.—"How's that?"

Kelley—"It's just been two years since she said she wouldn't marry me."

† † †

Cyrille—"What do you think of a fellow that would get up at midnight and go horse-back riding?"

Aileen—"Who did that?"

Cyrille—"Paul Reverre."

Aileen—!!!!

Theorem—A poor lesson is better than a good one.

Proof:

1. Nothing is better than a good lesson.—Faculty.

2. A poor lesson is better than nothing.—Pupil.

3. Therefore a poor lesson is better than a good one.—Q. E. D.

† † †

Irene F.—"What's wrong with the car, it squeaks dreadfully?"

Justin—"Can't be helped, there's pig iron in the axles."

† † †

L. R. Willey, Jr.—"Dad."

L. R. Willey, Sr.—"Yes, my son."

L. R. Willey, Jr.—"Did they play baseball in Noah's time?"

L. R. Willey, Sr.—"No, I believe not."

L. R. Willey, Jr.—"Why didn't they, dad?"

L. R. Willey, Sr.—"Wet grounds."

† † †

Miss Moore (Phy.)—"If it were not for the white corpuscles we would loose our lives quite often."

† † †

Mr. Hartman (English 2)—"Bring night letters tomorrow morning."

† † †

A. K.—"Whose initials are M. K.?"

Paul—"Why, Maw Kerns."

† † †

Mr. Hartman (English Four reading from "Franklin's Autobiography")—"My always keeping good hours and giving little trouble to the family made her unwilling to part with me—now, see?"

† † †

Mildred (Botany 4)—"Don't we get our papers back on Burbank?"

Willey—"Didn't you get your paper?"

Mildred—"No."

Willey—"I have them here."

† † †

Eleanor Meyers, relating an incident about a pear tree, and kept calling the pear tree a cherry tree.

Mr. Hartman—"Why do you call it a cherry tree?"

Eleanor—"Because we had cherries for dinner and I was thinking about them."



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 I like it.
 It makes you thin, it makes you lean,
 It takes the hair right off your bean.
 It's the darndest stuff I've ever seen.
 I like it. —Chicago Herald.
 A soft shirt is a social break.
 I like it.
 It satisfies no parlor snake.
 I like it.
 It's soft within, it's soft outside.
 It doesn't scratch or tear your hide.
 It lets your Adam's Apple slide.
 I like it. —N. Y. Tribune.
 The chicken is a tender bird.
 I like it.
 Its plumage scanty and absurd.
 I like it.
 Its skirts are risqué, short and sweet,
 Its waist is openly indiscreet.
 I blush to meet it on the street.
 I like it. —The Three Partners.
 The "PHIZZLE" is a crazy sheet.
 I like it.
 Truth to tell it's hard to beat.
 I like it.
 It's never won medals at a show
 Or set the earth on fire here below,
 But it sure can pull in lots of dough.
 I like it. —Nuff Sed.

† † †

EVA DENTLY

Breathes there a man with soul so dead
 Who never to himself hath said:
 "My trade of late is getting bad,
 "In the next Rosebud I'll place an ad?"
 If such there be, then mark him well,
 For him no bank account shall swell;
 No angel mount the golden stair
 To welcome home the millionaire.

And when he dies, go plant him deep.
 Let naught disturb his dreamless sleep;
 And, on a headstone write: "Here lies
 A mug who did not advertise!"

—“The Phizzletelic Phizzle.”

† † †

This Annual is not an expense but an
 investment. Yielding profits in propor-
 tion to how much you use it.

The codfish lays a million eggs,
 While the helpful hen lays one;
 But the codfish does not cackle,
 To inform us what she's done.
 And so, we scorn the codfish coy,
 But the helpful hen we prize;
 Which indicates to thoughtful minds
 That it pays to advertise.
 —“The Phizzletelic Phizzle.”

† † †

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† † †

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 By the Man-a-cean water,
 Lived the prophylactic Chiclet,
 Danderine, the Helmars daughter.

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 Son of Sunkist and Victrola,
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 Of the tribe of Coca-Cola.

Through the forests strolled the lovers—
 Woods untrod by Anglo-Saxon—
 "Lovely, Little wrigly Chiclet,"
 Were the burning words of Klaxon.

"No Pyrene can quench the fire,
 Though I know you're still a mere miss.
 Oh, my Prest-O-Lite desire,
 Let us marry. Timken Djer-kiss."

—TIGER.

† † †

A wise man knows
 What he knows
 And also knows
 That he don't know.



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Hark! Hark! The dogs do bark,
The hard coal's coming to town;
The stuff's in bags, the price on tags,
Which shows its not coming down.

Jack and Pard went to the yard
To get a pail of fuel;
The price was up, so just a cup
Jack got—the bill was cruel.

The King was in the parlor
Sawing up the door;
The queen was in the kitchen
Chopping up the floor.

The maid was in the garden,
A cold was in her head;
Along came a coal truck—
And she dropped dead.

Miss Moore (Physiology)—"Why is it,
that when I stand on my head all my
blood rushes there, but when I stand on
my feet it doesn't all go to my feet?"

Joe—"Because they ain't empty."

ODE TO ALARM CLOCK

When at night I hit the hay
Tired and weary from the day,
Scarcely do I close my eyes
When you tell me I must rise.
Some day when I've lots of kale,
Have it by the stock and bale,
Then revenge will sure be mine,
I'll set you for half-past nine.

Mr. Hartman (English Four) telling
how the theological writers discussed such
subjects as how many souls can rest on
the point of a needle.

Carl Tilt—"Not one."

Mr. Hartman—"I don't know whether
it was ever settled. At least it was per-
haps a sharp settlement."

Fred Boyer (Botany Four)—"Is bread
mold bacteria?"

Mr. Willey—"Now you're getting the
cart before the horse. You just wait till
we get there."

Kenneth (Physics), reading from his
note book about the standard meter, he
came to a word on which he hesitated for
a second, Mr. Matson spoke, "Platinum."

Kenneth—"Its longer than that."

Evidently the word was platinum-
iridium.

English Four (studying Emersons Es-
says)—Discussing that oft times sickness,
offenses and poverty prove benefactors.

Mr. Hartman—"Alfred, you were sick
last week; how were you benefitted?"

A. K.—"Got out of school."

Mr. Matson—"Yes, it took me three
months to learn how to run my Ford."

Victor—"And what have you got for
your pains?"

Mr. Matson—"Liniment."

K. F.—"Why are you limping so,
Helen?"

H. B.—"I went to a dance last night
with Bix."

Mr. Hartman (English Four)—"Each
line of this poetry has six feet."

Charles S.—"No wonder it runs smooth-
ly."

Assembly—Cyrille—"Shorty, what is
hay made of?"

Shorty S.—"What?"

Cyrille—"Isn't it made of rye or some-
thing like that?"

Mr. Matson—"What is Algebra?"

Freshman—"A white mule what's got
brown stripes. I seen one at a circus
onst."

Mother—"Lulu, your collar looks
tight."

Lula Wiggerly—"Oh, but mother, he
isn't."

Mr. Hartman—"What is the penalty
for bigamy?"

Oliver—"Two mothers-in-law."

Paul (English Four)—"Poe liked his
adopted father all right." (Foster father.)



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Mr. Hartman—"Why do they want to get the Turk back into Asia?"

Albert W.—"I can't see myself."

† † †

Mr. Hartman—"Did you hear of the daring holdup in my back yard last night?"

Mr. Matson—"No, what happened?"

Mr. Hartman—"Two clothes pins held up a shirt."

Mr. Matson—"!!!!!!?"

† † †

Paul (Physics)—"Why do you scare that?" (Square.)

Mr. Willey (Botany)—"What is a good example of Basidiomycetes?"

Mildred S.—"Smut."

Mr. Willey—"Where is it found?"

Mildred S.—"On ends of corn ears."

† † †

Mr. Hartman (English Three)—"I'm a little more than thirty."

Mary B.—"Are you?"

† † †

Paul (Eng. 4)—"Edwards died before Franklin began." (Meaning Edwards died before Franklin was born.)

† † †

Mr. Matson (Physics)—"What do you know about humidity?"

Harold H.—"It has something to do with dew."

† † †

I've heard of meters of love
And I've heard of meters of stone,
But the best meter I know of
Is just to meet her alone.

Mr. Matson—"What is a mountain?"

A Freshman—"A mountain is a lot of air surrounding a very high piece of land."

† † †

Kenneth H.—"What's the difference between a sigh, an automobile and a donkey?"

Edna—"I don't know."

Kenneth—"Well, a sigh is 'Oh dear,' and an automobile is 'too dear.'"

Edna—"Well, what about the donkey?"

Kenneth—"That's you, dear."

† † †

Cyrille (Botany 4)—"I can't see anything on this slide."

Mr. Willey—"Do you know what to look for?"

Cyrille—"???"

† † †

An examination of the roll of classes will show the following familiar names:

Chicken—Wing.

School (Freshmen)—Newcomer.

Matrimony—Knott.

Earth—Forrest.

Butcher—Bonecutter.

Birds—Hawk.

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SOME DAY you are going to look back on your present day worries and annoyances and wonder just how and why it was that they meant so much to you.

Some day you are going to adopt a life philosophy which will lubricate your life's track and enable you to ease yourself reasonably easily and gracefully over many of the obstructions which now appall you.

Some day you are going to realize that while it is true you must live your own life, that it is also true that whatever you put into life you take out of life, no more and no less.

Some day you and we are going to realize more fully than we do today, that this little game we call life must be played according to the rules and that one of the basic rules is, that we attract love or hate, success or defeat, by our thought attitudes.

Thought waves exist just as surely as do sound waves, and so, some day, you and we are going to rule our lives practically as we will, instead of being whipsawed back and forth as we are today.

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Beulah Bookmiller-Bowman, Waterloo, Ind.
 Mable Deubener-Boozer, Waterloo, Ind.
 Helen Skull-Miller, 815 Cottonwood, Freeport, Ill.
 Grace Seery-Frederick, Hudson, Ind.
 Carl W. Strow, Bloomington, Ind.
 Blanche Smith, Corunna, Ind.

CLASS OF 1911

Paul Bowman, Waterloo, Ind.
 Harriet Seery-Hardy, Auburn, Ind.
 James Hankey, Toledo, Ohio.
 Hilda Beck-Harpster, Waterloo, Ind.
 Edna Broughton-Swartz, (deceased).
 Ralph Browns, Evanston, Ill.
 Nellie Bartholomew-Howey, (deceased).
 Martha Goodwin-Jensen, Big Piney, Wyo.
 Helen Stanley, Detroit, Mich.

CLASS OF 1912

Russell Matson, Waterloo, Ind.
 James Matson, (deceased).
 Lewis H. Fretz, Detroit, Mich.
 Charles, Thomas, Corunna, Ind.
 Fred Bowman, 6943 Dante Ave., Chicago, Illinois.
 Glen Overmyer, Pittsburg, Pa.
 Clifton Crooks, Waterloo, Ind.

CLASS OF 1913

Ralph R. Reinhart, Corunna, Ind.
 Harley N. Rohm, Auburn, Ind.
 Harry A. Rowe, Corunna, Ind.
 Mildred E. Huffman, Waterloo, Ind.
 Bernice M. Overmyer-Bowman, Chicago, Illinois.
 Madge E. Rose-Wehr, Hammond, Ind.
 Cleo M. Buins, Auburn, Ind.
 Harry Girardot, Auburn, Ind.
 Martha McEntarfer-Bookmiller, Waterloo, Indiana.
 Vera Crooks-Lautzenheiser, Auburn, Ind.
 Virgil A. Treesh, Auburn, Ind.

Ralph T. Fickes, 309 S. Dwight St., Jackson, Mich.
 Troden Bookmiller, Waterloo, Ind.
 Ruby Booth-Sessler, Fort Wayne, Ind.
 Audrey Vogtman-Willeannar, Garrett, Ind.
 Edward W. Hankey, Toledo, Ohio.
 Lester L. Rempis, Waterloo, Ind.
 Bernice Becker-Harmes, Corunna, Ind.
 Hilda Sewell-Sandholm, Red Oak, Ia.

CLASS OF 1914

Russell Wittmer, 14102 Savannah Ave., Cleveland, Ohio.
 Olga Fisk-Fickes, 309 Dwight St., Jackson, Mich.
 William Day, 219 Rose Place, Kalamazoo, Mich.
 Maude Luttman-Robinson, Waterloo, Ind.
 Hazel M. Daniels-Wittmer, Cleveland, O.
 Glen R. Myers, Waterloo, Ind.
 Dora McCullough-Holmes, Corunna, Ind.
 Clifford Hawk, Fort Wayne, Ind.
 Janet M. Beard-Brown, South Bend, Ind.
 Gould Stanley, Waterloo, Ind.
 Pauline Hankey, Wason St., Toledo, Ohio.
 Lester A. Dull, Waterloo, Ind.
 Emerson Walker, Waterloo, Ind.
 Vida McGiffin, Corunna, Ind.

CLASS OF 1915

Virgil Johnson, Waterloo, Ind.
 Ethel Girardot-Cattell, Avilla, Ind.
 Mable Kiser, Frankfort, Ind.
 Louise Willis-Pennington, Spiceland, Ind.
 Maude Zonker, Kendallville, Ind.
 Marie Brown, Auburn, Ind.
 Elmer Fretz, Waterloo, Ind.
 Edythe Widdicombe-Bowman, Akron, O.
 Vera Dilgard-Eddy, Gary, Ind.
 Helen Goodwin, Waterloo, Ind.
 Carroll Gushwa, Corunna, Ind.
 Ruth Waterman-Harrison, Wilksburg, Pa.
 Lotta McGiffin-Conrad, Corunna, Ind.
 Mable Bevier, Waterloo, Ind.



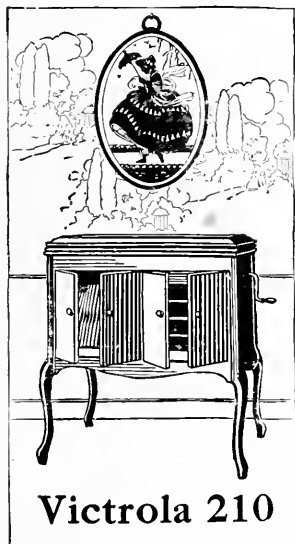


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CLASS OF 1916

Hazel Flynn-Bevier, Waterloo, Ind.
 Edna Blanchard-Gushwa, Corunna, Ind.
 Loa Wines-Pence, Angola, Ind.
 Roy Rohm, Waterloo, Ind.
 Lynn Crooks, South Bend, Ind.
 Martha Wines-Smith, Waterloo, Ind.
 Faye Miser-Strow, Waterloo, Ind.
 Carl Getts, Fort Wayne, Ind.
 Florence Strow-Hawk, Fort Wayne, Ind.
 Fred Eberly, Waterloo, Ind.
 Gladys Beard-Batdorf, Auburn, Ind.
 Arthur Smith, 1016 S. Clover St., South Bend, Ind.
 Myrtle Wiltrout-Kurtz, Kendallville, Ind.
 Libbie Buchanan, 237 Hickory St., Elkhart, Ind.
 Reba Walker-Close, Fort Wayne, Ind.
 Alys McIntosh-Hull, Waterloo, Ind.
 Estelle Wiltrout, Valparaiso, Ind.
 Joe Bowman, 522 Gage St., Akron, Ohio.
 Vera Newcomer, (deceased).
 Nella Becker-Voges, Corunna, Ind.
 Ioa Zonker-Reed, Waterloo, Ind.
 Lynn Imhoff, Elkhart, Ind.
 Russell Strow, Waterloo, Ind.
 Leroy Campbell, Butler, Ind.
 Nina Whaley-Hurd, Blakeslee, Ohio.

CLASS OF 1917

Harold Fretz, Corunna, Ind.
 William Smith, Corunna, Ind.
 Mary McIntosh-McEntarfer, Waterloo, Ind.
 Lula Kennedy-Schuster, Waterloo, Ind.
 Alice Ridg, Butler, Ind.
 Vera Nodine, Waterloo, Ind.
 Mary Nodine-Brebill, Waterloo, Ind.
 Daisy Brown-Sweigart, Ashley, Ind.
 Francis Baxter, Waterloo, Ind.
 Paye Till, Belfry, Mont.
 Charles Till, 211 W. 106th St., New York.
 Joe Kirkpatrick, Toledo, Ohio.
 Waldo Bowman, Waterloo, Ind.
 Charles Colby, Auburn, Ind.
 Thelma Eberly, Waterloo, Ind.
 Ethel Baker-Steele, 719 Portage St., Kalamazoo, Mich.

Willo Hinman-Whetzel, Waterloo, Ind.
 Florence Schuster-Kirtz, Ft. Wayne, Ind.
 Jean Grimm-Curie, St. Joe, Ind.
 Clarence Bowers, Waterloo, Ind.
 Dorothea Brown, Auburn, Ind.
 Howard Dilgard, Waterloo, Ind.
 Wilbur Bowman, Waterloo, Ind.

CLASS OF 1918

Frank Forrest, Milwaukee, Wis.
 Wilma Thomas-Diehl, Whittier, Calif.
 Helen Manroe, Corunna, Ind.
 Hazel Edwards-Gerner, 419 Walsh St., Garrett, Ind.
 Darrel Smith, Butler, Ind.
 Lynn Arthur, Waterloo, Ind.
 Lydia Wines-Smith, Waterloo, Ind.
 Jack Moore, Waterloo, Ind.
 Lester Lowman, Waterloo, Ind.
 Joe Miser, Waterloo, Ind.

CLASS OF 1919

Leroy Hamp, 940 Montrose Blvd., Chicago, Ill.
 Helen Eberly, Waterloo, Ind.
 Harold Strow, Corunna, Ind.
 Oliver Miser, Fort Wayne, Ind.
 Vera Heighn, Waterloo, Ind.
 Harry Fisk.
 Worden Branden, 3608 3rd Ave., Minneapolis, Minn.
 George Speer, Waterloo, Ind.
 Dannie Walker, Waterloo, Ind.
 Ardis Childs, Fort Wayne, Ind.
 Irene McCague-Pierson, Waterloo, Ind.
 Georgia Oster-Cook, Corunna, Ind.
 Genevieve Oster-Hartman, Corunna, Ind.
 Georgia Fee-Duncan, Waterloo, Ind.
 Eston Fales, South Bend, Ind.
 Arthur Haycox, Fort Wayne, Ind.
 Estelle Shippy, Corunna, Ind.
 Clyde Hawk, Fort Wayne, Ind.
 Lauretta Gfellers, Waterloo, Ind.
 DeVon Bartholomew, (deceased).
 Russell Hamman, Waterloo, Ind.
 Kenneth George, Waterloo, Ind.



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WATERLOO, IND.

CLASS OF 1920

Celestian Royal, Waterloo, Ind.
Lois Arthur, Waterloo, Ind.
Opal Fretz, Auburn, Ind.
Maude Brechbill, Waterloo, Ind.
Blanche Melton-Sickles, Toledo, Ohio.
Wilma Clark Waterloo, Ind.
Irene Frick, Waterloo, Ind.
Helen Delong, Corunna, Ind.
Mildred Markley, Corunna, Ind.
Dessa Delong-Owen, (deceased).
Carrie Oster, Corunna, Ind.
Ruth Shippy-Hamman, Waterloo, Ind.
Ross Myers, Waterloo, Ind.
Ruth Price-Brandon, 3608 3rd Ave., Minneapolis, Minn.
Anona Bensing-Fee, South Bend, Ind.
Velma Wertenbarger-Husselman, Leo, Ind.
Ayleen Warner-Walker, Waterloo, Ind.
Robert Widdicombe, Auburn, Ind.
Helen Hawk, Corunna, Ind.
Alice Sherwood, Waterloo, Ind.
Clyde Fales, Waterloo, Ind.

CLASS OF 1921

Erda Robinson, Waterloo, Ind.
Herbert G. Willis, Waterloo, Ind.
John McGiffin, Corunna, Ind.
Edna Lockhart, Battle Creek, Mich.
Carolyn Opdycke, Waterloo, Ind.
Robert Bonfiglio, Waterloo, Ind.

Benetah Farrington, Fort Wayne, Ind.
Helen Dannells, R. R., Butler, Ind.
Lucile Whaling-Brown, Auburn, Ind.
Frederice Frick, Waterloo, Ind.
Lyndes Burtzner, Auburn, Ind.
Martha Carper, Waterloo, Ind.
Elsta Moudy, Auburn, Ind.
Hugh Farrington, Waterloo, Ind.
Thelma Till, Waterloo, Ind.

CLASS OF 1922

Ruby P. Shultz, Butler, Ind.
Mary Speer, Waterloo, Ind.
Wayne Goodwin, Waterloo, Ind.
Aileen Fisher, Waterloo, Ind.
Harold Walker, Waterloo, Ind.
Bessie Till, Waterloo, Ind.
Kenneth Fee, Waterloo, Ind.
Jack Parks, Waterloo, Ind.
David Eberly, Waterloo, Ind.
Myrtle Hamman, Waterloo, Ind.
Clarence Gfellers, Waterloo, Ind.
Florabelle Dixon, Waterloo, Ind.
Clark Ayres, Waterloo, Ind.
Rosemarie Childs-Harmes, Kendallville, Ind.
Glenn Daniels, Waterloo, Ind.
Blanche Bainbridge, Fort Wayne, Ind.
Waldo Hamman, Waterloo, Ind.
Irene Widdicombe, Auburn, Ind.
Dawson A. Quaintance, Waterloo, Ind.
Genevieve Gloy, Waterloo, Ind.
Ralph B. Ayres, Waterloo, Ind.



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In Memoriam

- CLARK A. P. LONG, '79. Died at Waterloo, Ind., May 12, 1883.
- NEEIE KELLEY, '85. Died of consumption at Waterloo, Ind., August 10, 1891.
- NELLIE J. CARPENTER, '91. Died at Waterloo, Ind., October 30, 1892.
- EDWARD E. MITCHELL, '89. Died at Kendallville, Ind., September 30, 1895.
- LENA A. REMPIS, '95. Drowned in Crooked Lake, Steuben County, Ind., August 12, 1898.
- ABBIE SINCLAIR, '87. Died of consumption at Pasadena, Calif., July 11, 1900.
- ALICE FISHER, '99. Died at Waterloo, Ind., May 15, 1902.
- DR. BERNARD M. ACKMAN, '90. Died at Bethany Park, Morgan County, Ind., May 17, 1903.
- ARTHUR BONNELL, '99. Died at Fort Wayne, Ind.
- MRS. RUTH CLOSSON SCOVILLE, '99. Died in California.
- LULU KNISELY, '08. Died of consumption at Waterloo, Ind., June 7, 1909.
- MRS. JENNIE SWARTZ-FLETCHER, '96. Died from burns at Waterloo, Ind., October 5, 1909.
- JAMES MATSON, '12. Died of typhoid fever at Bloomington, Ind., April 20, 1914.
- CLARK WILLIAMSON, '01. Died at Waterloo, Ind., of consumption, April 26, 1913.
- EDNA BROUGHTON-SWARTZ, '11. Died at Kendallville, Ind., April 18, 1918.
- VERA NEWCOMER, '16. Died at Fort Wayne February 18, 1919.
- GLEN STAMETS, '09. Died at Minerva, Ohio, July 27, 1919.
- DAISY McBRIDE-COOPE, '89. Died in Brooklyn, N. Y., 1920.
- CORA HILL-BAUMGARDNER, '94. Died near Waterloo, Ind., October 1, 1920.
- DEVON BARTHOLOMEW, '19. Killed in aeroplane accident near Orland, Ind., October 3, 1920.
- NELLIE BARTHOLOMEW-HOWEY, '11. Died in hospital at Garrett, Ind., January 28, 1922.
- DESSA DE LONG-OWENS. Died January, 1922, at Corunna, Ind.











JULY 81



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INDIANA 46962

